

The Outlook

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THE STORY OF THE WAR: THE FALL OF CZERNOWITZ

The expected occupation of Czernowitz by the Russians took place on June 17 after prolonged and at times furious fighting, which came to a climax when the Russians stormed the bridge-head on the left bank of the river Pruth. The number of prisoners captured was evidently smaller than expected, and this seems to be true also as to the number of guns and the amount of munitions. The deduction is obvious that Czernowitz had practically been evacuated before the Russians reached the bridge-head, and that only a force for the fighting resistance was left. Czernowitz is the capital of the Bukowina, which is, as perhaps some of our readers may not know, a crown province belonging to Austria, and not an appanage of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. During this war Czernowitz has been occupied by the Russians four separate times, including the present capture; it was evacuated by them in September, 1914, February, 1914, and March, 1915. Its importance is great as a railway center, for its strategic position, and especially for its nearness to Rumania.

The capture of Czernowitz was followed by a rapid advance of General Brusiloff's forces to the west and south of the town. All indications are that the Austrian armies in that vicinity knew better than to make a stand on the open plains, and retreated to the slopes of the Carpathian Mountains.

Meanwhile General Brusiloff's movements in the Volhynia and Galicia region have gone on actively, although there are signs that the general advance has been checked in this direction to some extent by the Austrians, aided by German forces. On June 21 it is reported that a German counter-drive under command of the famous General von Linsingen is making progress, and that the Russians have a serious task before them in this direction. It is evident, from the simplest considerations of strategy, that the Russian drive to the south and beyond Czernowitz can proceed only if an equivalent

advance is made by them in the north, as otherwise, in the large way of looking at it, the Russians would be outflanked by the Germans. It is probable, therefore, that the immediate scene of violent action on this large and wonderfully successful Russian offensive will be to the south of the town of Kovel. The capture either of Kovel or of Lemberg (farther southwest) would be of supreme importance. Both are central points and are of vast railway utility. At one time it was said that Austrian prisoners to General Brusiloff declared that orders had already been given for the evacuation of Lemberg, but this report must be taken with considerable question.

Nothing of very serious importance has taken place in the Verdun struggle since the Germans captured Fort Vaux, which has already been reported. During the week (June 14-21) the French repelled several furious assaults by the Germans in that general vicinity, and made counter-attacks and advances which very much encouraged the feeling that the marvelous French defense at Verdun is by no means near its end.

We have to note the sudden death of General Count Helmuth von Moltke, formerly the German Chief of Staff. He died in the German Reichstag, from an attack of heart disease, just as he had finished a eulogy on the late General von der Goltz, for whom memorial services were being held. General von Moltke was a nephew of the famous von Moltke who was Germany's military supreme chief and strategist in the Franco-Prussian War, and the Count von Moltke who has just died served as a young man in that war. There is no question that to him was very largely due the marvelous organization of the present German army and Germany's planning for war efficiency. He was retired as Chief of Staff after a failure of the first sensational dash of German armies through Belgium and France, which almost, but not quite, resulted in the capture of Paris. Moltke's retiral was generally attributed to the failure of this attempt, but

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after his death the Kaiser spoke of his work in unrestrained and feeling terms.

THE ITALIAN CABINET

Perhaps the most remarkable result of the Austrian advance across the Italian border has not been a military result at all, but a political one—namely, the resignation of the Italian Cabinet. No doubt many Italians are frightened, and probably some Italian politicians too. But, alarmed as they may be, they would hardly be sufficiently so to cause them to change governmental horses at a time of crisis. The explanation is to be sought for elsewhere. The so-called irreconcilable Socialists, led by Signor Turati, have the key to the solution.

About forty members of Parliament, more or less in sympathy with the Socialistic group, have been hampering the work of the Cabinet. The criticisms from these men of the statements in Parliament made by Signor Antonio Salandra, the Prime Minister, have finally reached the result which was doubtless intended—his resignation.

Two months ago the Chamber adjourned on a vote giving a large majority for the Cabinet, despite the fact that the leaders of the different parties had urged the Government to widen its composition so that all parties could participate more effectively in the direction of the war. The Prime Minister not only refused to add new members to his Cabinet, but, it is alleged, had ceased to keep in touch with the various political organizations which were eager to be taken into the Government's confidence. Hence there came other criticisms in addition to those of the irreconcilable Socialists. The Cabinet might have stood the storm of all these criticisms but for the Italian reverses in the Trentino. This combination of causes led to the failure of the Chamber of Deputies to pass a vote of confidence in the Cabinet following the presentation of the budget.

The King has requested Signor Paolo Boselli, a Senator and formerly Minister of Public Instruction, to form a new Ministry. This has been done with the retention of two valuable members of the Salandra Cabinet, Signor Sonnino, the well-nigh indispensable Foreign Minister, and General Morrone, the efficient Minister of War. While many friends would regret the passing of Signor Salandra, if he must have a successor perhaps Senator Boselli might be as good as any

one. He is widely known as a man of independent thought. He is also one of the founders and is the President of the society called Dante Alighieri, which has for its object the furtherance of the Italian language and literature.

This is not the first time that the King has offered a Premiership to Signor Boselli. It will be remembered that in the uncertain period just before Italy's declaration of war on Austria, when Signor Giolitti succeeded temporarily in overthrowing the Salandra Ministry, the King offered the Premiership to Signor Boselli. He declined it, justly holding that Signor Salandra should be retained in office.

THE NOTE TO MEXICO

The note to Mexico signed by Secretary Lansing, which is a direct reply to Carranza's arrogant communication of May 22, delivered to our State Department on June 1, is strong, comprehensive, and forcible. While refusing to withdraw the expedition from Mexico, the note puts the responsibility for hostile developments springing from the present situation directly on the *de facto* Mexican Government. It answers fully all of the charges contained in the Carranza letter, although many of them bear only indirectly on the present controversy, which has grown out of the presence of American troops in Mexico.

The note is a broad review of the entire Mexican situation, but the backbone of it is embodied in three outstanding features. First, the Mexican Government is warned that if it fulfills its threat to meet "a refusal to withdraw these [the American] troops . . . by an appeal to arms," the "gravest consequences" will follow. Second, it is stated that so long as the Mexican Government does not fulfill the obligation of "pursuing bandits who, under fundamental principles of municipal and international law, ought to be pursued and arrested and punished by Mexican authorities," the United States "cannot recede from its settled determination to maintain its National rights and to perform its full duty in preventing further invasions of the territory of the United States, and in removing the peril which Americans along the international boundary have borne so long with patience and forbearance." Third, a summary is presented in considerable detail of outrages against Americans and abuses of American sovereignty that have made it

necessary for the United States to do the police work which Carranza "is manifestly unable or unwilling" to do.

Moreover, the note in a scathing passage intimates that Carranza's responsibility is more than it would be for mere sins of omission, for, Secretary Lansing says, "in these attacks on American territory Carranzista adherents and even Carranzista soldiers took part in the looting, burning, and killing." As to the Villa raids on Columbus, the note declares that, although Villa's hostile intentions towards Americans and his movements toward the American border were known to Carranza military leaders, Villa "was not intercepted, nor were his movements impeded by troops of the *de facto* Government, and no effectual attempt was made to frustrate his hostile designs against Americans," and, moreover, "after murdering, burning, and plundering, Villa and his bandits, fleeing south, passed within sight of the Carranzista military post at Casas Grandes, and no effort was made to stop him by the officers and garrison of the *de facto* Government stationed there." Secretary Lansing adds: "I am reluctant to be forced to the conclusion . . . that the *de facto* Government did not, and does not now, intend or desire that these outlaws should be captured, destroyed, or dispersed by American troops or, at the request of this Government, by Mexican troops."

Editorial comment on the crisis with which this note deals will be found on another page.

In reply to the accusation that the American troops crossed the border without Carranza's permission, the note says: "It is admitted that American troops have crossed the international boundary in hot pursuit of the Columbus raiders and without notice to or the consent of your Government," but the note adds in explanation that "obviously, as immediate action alone could avail, there was no opportunity to reach an agreement," and, in any event, the crossing was "in accordance with the practice adopted forty years ago . . . regarding pursuit of marauders across the international border."

Finally, an explicit denial is given to the *de facto* Government's charge that the United States has had ulterior motives in its diplomatic representations or has harbored and encouraged political refugees from Mexico in their machinations against Carranza.

"If a denial is needed that this Government has had ulterior and improper motives in its

diplomatic representations, or has countenanced the activities of American sympathizers and the American press opposed to the *de facto* Government, I am glad most emphatically to deny it. It is, however, a matter of common knowledge that the Mexican press has been more active than the press in the United States in endeavoring to inflame the two peoples against each other and to force the two countries into hostilities."

The note is long, but not too long for the rehearsal of the long series of acts which have led to the present situation. Condensed in one sentence, its import is:

"We shall keep our troops in Mexico and shall stand pat in our determination to protect our citizens in that country and on the border by whatever means we deem proper, until you show that you are willing and able to protect them."

MOBILIZING THE MILITIA

The warning that any movement of the American expedition in Mexico in any direction except north and "out" would be considered hostile and a signal to begin hostilities was the first of the immediate developments that led to the mobilizing of the armed forces of Mexico and the United States. This warning from Carranza was delivered by General Jacinto Trevino, commanding Carranza's Army of the North, to General Pershing. It was closely followed by two Mexican raids into American territory near San Benito, Texas, and San Ignacio, Texas, respectively. American troopers promptly pursued both bands of marauders across the Rio Grande, whereupon Carranza threatened to attack these slighter "punitive expeditions." President Wilson's answer was to call out all the militia remaining beyond that of the three States on the border, whose National Guardsmen were already in harness.

Thus began in Mexico and the United States a repetition of that process by which Europe was brought into war in 1914. Carranza followed President Wilson's call to the militia with a northward concentration of his forces and a general call to the civilians of Mexico to arm themselves.

While sixteen war-ships were sent speeding south to reinforce those already watching Mexican eastern and western ports, there were spectacles in the cities of the United States not seen since 1898. In San Francisco, Chicago, New York, and other cities far from the border khaki became a common sight.

Armed men drilled in city parks, and armories were alive with the bustle of getting ready. In the meantime the five thousand Americans in Mexico, even to consuls, were hastening toward the border for the shelter of an American man-of-war.

Such an armed mobilization as the gathering of the militia does not necessarily mean war, as it probably would were we a European nation. The militia of each State has been ordered to its base camp within its own State, there to get into shape for duty if needed and to recruit to full strength. As we go to press, no militia units have been ordered to the border in addition to those of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, which were called out several months ago.

The definite figures have not been published, but it is believed that there are about 40,000 regulars and 5,000 guardsmen already on the border or in Mexico. Judging by the enthusiasm with which they have already answered the summons to arms, probably at least 100,000 of the Nation's 125,000 citizen soldiers will answer Uncle Sam's call. The action of many employers who have announced that they will continue the pay of any employees serving their country in uniform is patriotism of a high order. But the minimum economic disturbance inevitable in the removal of 100,000 men from civil life is sufficient reason for the immediate creation of a regular army commensurate with our National needs.

Whatever may develop, the present situation is a test of the militia. One feature of the present organization of the militia has already been proved absurd and undesirable, if any proof were needed; that is, the organization of the militia as State forces under command of the State Governors. The question has arisen as to whether the militia can be used for duty in a foreign country. It has been proposed to meet the difficulty by a special Act of Congress authorizing the President to send the National Guard into Mexico; but the fact that the subject is debated at such a time as this illustrates the need of a real reorganization of our military establishment with the object of full and unquestioned National control.

RECRUITING THE ARMY AND NAVY

While the land forces of the country have been mobilizing, Secretary Daniels, in a letter to Senator Tillman, Chairman of the Senate

Committee on Naval Affairs, has urged Congress to authorize an increase in the enlisted personnel of the navy sufficient to man every war-ship now out of commission or held in reserve. For such a purpose, 20,700 men would be needed, but the Secretary would like Congress to clothe the President with authority to enlist 13,000 beyond the 20,700 at his discretion if emergencies should demand. This would bring the total enlistment for the navy from 54,000, including recruits, up to a total of 87,700 in an emergency.

We hope Congress will push this proposal of Mr. Daniels, and we hope that the Secretary of the Navy will find it an easier matter to get his 20,700 men than the Secretary of War has found it to get the 20,000 recruits authorized by the Hay Emergency Resolution just after General Pershing crossed the Mexican border in March. Up to the 1st of May only a quarter of this complement had been obtained, and the recruiting is still far below a respectable total. There seems to be something radically wrong with our army recruiting system. In an interesting interview in the New York "Times" recently, Sergeant Henry J. Pearl, in charge of a recruiting district in New York City, gave it as his opinion that the practice of personally soliciting men on the streets to join the army should be abandoned. "Much more could be accomplished by an intelligent campaign of advertising carried on somewhat along the lines adopted by the navy," said Sergeant Pearl. This is a pertinent suggestion. Probably a good many persons believe that fifteen dollars a month is the most that a private in the army can expect to earn, and do not know that this sum is merely the minimum, which may be much increased as a man advances in grade and service.

CONGRESS AND CONTEMPT

As a result of an indictment found against Frank Buchanan, a Representative in the United States Congress, the House of Representatives held last week for contempt the Federal District Attorney under whose administration the indictment was found.

Immediately after the indictment was found the indicted Representative secured from his colleagues in Congress an investigation of the District Attorney's office. The charge against Mr. Buchanan was that he was involved in a conspiracy to restrain foreign trade, including instigation of strikes, intimidation, and bribery for the purpose of laying an

embargo on the shipment of war supplies—an embargo which would, in fact, be in the interest of Germany. When the sub-committee of Congress undertook the investigation, it went to New York, demanded the confidential minutes of the Grand Jury, and spread before the public allegations derogatory to the District Attorney. The result was that District Attorney Marshall was incensed, and in an interview told a newspaper reporter that this sub-committee's expedition to New York was not an investigation conducted in good faith, but was a deliberate effort to intimidate any district attorney who had the temerity to present charges against a Representative in Congress. This statement to the reporter Mr. Marshall openly and frankly acknowledged in a letter to the sub-committee.

Because of his interview and the letter confirming it, the Judiciary Committee held Mr. Marshall in contempt, and the House of Representatives has accepted its report.

Two of the foremost Democratic members of the House of Representatives have opposed the action of the majority of the House—former Governor Montague, of Virginia, and Representative Sherley, of Kentucky.

As one of the branches of the Government, the House of Representatives is accountable to public opinion, and attempts to limit free discussion of its action and criticism of its course are generally dangerous. Representative Graham, who spoke in defense of the District Attorney, said that the sub-committee of the Judiciary Committee of the House invaded the principles of justice and correct procedure when it undertook to penetrate the secrets of the Grand Jury room. When it spread abroad accusations against a man who was not in a position adequately to defend himself, it did something for which it cannot command the respect of the public. Mr. Graham spoke truly when he said: "While we are sensitive about the dignity of the House and eager to punish somebody who cannot hit back for contempt of the House, the right of the American citizen to answer attacks upon him is a sacred and inviolable right."

The action of Congress has done nothing to allay the suspicion that there is altogether too much influence exerted in the politics of this country to the detriment of the interest of this country and in the interest of a foreign empire—Germany. The holding of a man in contempt is not always a good method for

implanting respect. The story is told that an irascible judge, in the course of a case, fined a counsel ten dollars for contempt. In a few moments he fined another counsel the same amount for contempt. After fining a third counsel, a fourth stood up to the judge and laid on the desk in front of him a twenty-dollar bill, saying, "I want the Court to understand that I have twice as much contempt for the Court as any other lawyer present."

FEDERAL COMPENSATION

The United States stands in the unenviable position of making the most inadequate provision of any country in the world for its Government employees.

Of course compensation should be paid for an employee's death or disability resulting either from an injury or from occupational disease in the course of his work.

The McGillicuddy Bill, now before the House of Representatives, aims to secure workmen's compensation for Federal employees. The Federal Compensation Law of 1908 covers only about a fourth of our 480,000 Federal Government employees, and it does that inadequately. For instance, it pays no funeral benefit, it provides no care for the injured, and it limits all benefits for the disabled or for dependents to a year's wages only. But under the McGillicuddy Bill a percentage of thirty-five per cent is paid in case of death within six years after the injury or the beginning of disability, and ten per cent is added for each child, not to exceed a total of 66⅔ per cent. Furthermore, this bill, in addition to giving medical attendance, grants to the employee a monthly two-thirds of the wages during total disability, and during partial disability a monthly two-thirds of the difference between his monthly pay and his monthly wage-earning capacity. Finally, the bill appropriates half a million dollars to be set aside as a separate fund in the Treasury and to be known as the Employees' Compensation Fund. To administer it there is to be a United States Employees' Compensation Commission, to consist of three men drawing salaries of \$5,000 each.

This bill was first introduced by Congressman William B. Wilson, in 1913, shortly before he became a member of the Cabinet. We have been waiting more than three years for the common justice for which it provides. In addition, this is the way a Democratic Congress fulfills the promise of the Democratic platform four years ago, pledging the Demo-

cratic party to "an employees' compensation law providing adequate indemnity for injury to body or for loss of life."

THE RAILWAY DISPUTE

A conference between representatives of many railway companies and of the four great unions or "brotherhoods" of employees has been in session in New York City for several weeks. It has now broken up without an agreement as to the demands made by the employees. The Outlook has already explained at some length what these demands are. Primarily, or nominally, they are for an eight-hour day; but, as the pay is regulated both by hours of service and by distance run—at present, for instance, the standard day is ten hours or a hundred miles' run for freight engineers; that is, overtime begins after a hundred miles' run whether it consumes ten hours or less—and as the question of what the pay for overtime shall be is also in dispute, the question is far from simple. The technicalities brought out by the discussions as reported are difficult for a layman to understand, and it is evident that any board of arbitration should have expert as well as general industrial knowledge. The unions have refused advances made by the companies as to arbitration, and must suffer from that tendency of public opinion which in such cases naturally tends to look with disfavor at a refusal to arbitrate. One of the union representatives says: "Ours is not a modifiable proposition. It is it, or nothing." Mr. Stone, the head of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and recognized as usually a man opposed to extremes, says:

The movement for the eight-hour day among the railroad union men is so unanimous that it is impossible to conceive how such a movement could be defeated. They feel greatly encouraged by the fact that an eight-hour day has recently been won in many other industries. The fact that a number of railroads have already introduced the eight-hour day is another strong reason.

As to the proposal by the companies to refer the dispute to the Inter-State Commerce Commission or to arbitrate it under the Newlands Federal Act, Mr. A. B. Garretson, of the Order of Railway Conductors, declares that it is well known that the Inter State Commerce Commission does not have the power of fixing wages, and it is equally well known that the Commissioners do not want to act as arbitrators in any mat-

ter which ultimately might come before them in an application for increased freight rates. As for the Newlands Act, he added, the railway men and the employers both realize that it is well-nigh impossible to obtain a set of impartial arbitrators with sufficient technical information to decide so complex a question.

The question of insisting on the demands now goes to the four hundred thousand members of the brotherhoods, and the local referendums will be going on for nearly a month. That the men will sustain their leaders is all but certain. On the other hand, the possibility of compromise still exists. The leaders themselves say that they have great hopes that a strike will be avoided and that the so-called strike vote will be followed by further negotiation, with the result of the vote as a power to force concessions.

The railway companies lay great stress on their assertion that concessions as to hours practically mean increase of pay, and that to yield will make necessary corresponding increases in freight and passenger rates, just as the recent concessions to coal-miners have been followed by serious increase in retail coal prices—no one ever seems to think a reduction of profits or even increase in economies is conceivable!

The consequences of a general railway strike are appalling to contemplate. The public is emphatically a party in interest. That there should be new legislation to protect that interest without injustice to either of the disputing parties is axiomatic.

COMMENCEMENT NOTES

The counsels addressed to this year's graduates were largely suggested by Europe's woe. At Princeton President Hibben said: "You belong to the only group of young men among all the civilized nations whose life and vigor are still unimpaired. . . . Amid the incalculable disasters of the reign of death you must enlarge and defend the empire of life." The time has come, said he, to emphasize the common duties of man. The true patriot is concerned, not for his country by itself, but for its international obligations to humanity, "in order to guarantee and enforce the reign of permanent peace." A feature of Commencement at Princeton was the granting of honorary degrees to Senator Lodge and General Leonard Wood—to Senator Lodge because he "has played a great part in maintaining the continuity of our Government in the spirit of its founders,"

and to General Wood because "in our defenseless state he has sounded the reveille, . . . to save our freedom and help to save the imperiled freedom of the world." A photograph of these two distinguished Americans taken on this occasion is reproduced in our picture section.

New York University graduated its largest class yet. The address by Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, President of the Carnegie Foundation, opposed compulsory military training in our colleges, but held it needful that every citizen should acquire a certain military experience and a fair attitude to military life. He deplored any discrediting or belittling of the military service. "To minimize its value as compared with other vocations," said he, "is to strike a blow at that spirit which underlies all loyalty and all service."

Columbia beat its record with 2,212 graduates from all parts of the world. President Butler addressed them as "about to march out from this great fortress of the mind and soul to undertake the invasion and the conquest of life. I beg of you," said he, "in that march to turn your footsteps constantly and untiringly toward the Kingdom of Light. . . . The noise and darkness of a great tempest fills our ears and blinds our eyes. It needs patience, courage, real character, at such a time even to remember that there is a Kingdom of Light, and that we wish to possess it."

At Bowdoin College President Hyde called upon American youth to teach the convulsed world the lessons of a nobler and better life in these various forms: an industrial democracy, equally just to capitalists and to laborers; a thorough science, and respect for the expert; an art that is beautiful without being sensual; a citizenship that combines the economy and efficiency of autocratic monarchy with the freedom and devotion of fraternal democracy; justice and generosity to all other nations, in a shining example of international good will, to be embodied in some league to remove the possibility of war; finally, religious leadership by the development of a genuinely Christian spirit in all these forms, so that the word "Christian" shall stand for warm and generous devotion to the real welfare of all whom our lives can reach with sympathy and touch with helpfulness.

Bryn Mawr's President, M. Carey Thomas, reviewed its history and its recent leadership in the education of women in an inspiring address. President Mary E. Woolley, of

Mount Holyoke College, followed her in an address upon "The Fact of Life." She said: "Out of the world tragedy must come a new inspiration to service in scholarship as well as in more practical lines. . . . Efficiency and vision, usefulness and beauty, dogged determination without sacrifice of the finenesses, the refinements of life, conviction without dogmatism, confidence with humility, the will to succeed with courtesy and consideration, strictness for one's self and liberality toward others, stress upon the intellectual without losing sight of the spiritual—this is the kind of character and service for which we as college women must aim."

The fiftieth anniversary of Lehigh University was celebrated by a large concourse of alumni, of whom there are six thousand in all parts of the world. Thirty States and twelve foreign countries are now represented in its student body of over a thousand.

COMMITTED TO CHURCH UNION

From time to time The Outlook has recorded the steps taken to unite the Methodist, the Congregational, and the Presbyterian Churches in Canada. The Methodist and Congregational Churches have shown themselves ready for union. Now the Presbyterian General Assembly of Canada has taken the final action needed to commit the Presbyterian body to the plan. The vote polled in the forty-first General Assembly, held in Winnipeg on June 14, resulted in 406 yeas and 88 nays. In this vote 222 ministers and 184 elders were in favor of union and 45 ministers and 43 elders were opposed to it. The final debate on union occupied two whole days of the Assembly, and is considered a triumph of new democratic ideas over the traditions of creed and sectarianism. The strongest arguments advanced by the leading antagonists to union have been those based upon the strictly legal and technical interpretation of the Constitution of the Presbyterian Church and upon the unalterable character of the Presbyterian vows, illumined as they are by centuries of Scottish history. But rising above even these considerations rose the idea of national service.

The deciding factor in the mind of the Assembly was the consideration of the future development of the newer districts of Canada. The men of western Canada and those of New Ontario were one in their appeal for union. "We need it. It is vital to us," they said. One sentence of the speech

of Dr. Falconer, President of Toronto University, touched the very heart of the question: "The sacrifice demanded of the east is trifling, but that sacrifice will be of immense advantage to the west." And this thought was idealized by the ringing words of the Rev. J. D. Byrnes, Superintendent of missions in New Ontario: "Give us union and New Ontario will no longer be the barrier between east and west, but we shall make it the golden link which shall bind the two parts of this great Dominion together." The opinions of the returning soldiers were also kept in mind, and they were believed to be almost unanimously in favor of union.

The opposition to union was thoroughly organized, well financed, and irreconcilable. No sooner was the report of the vote taken than a resolution of dissent from the Assembly's action was laid before the Assembly, which virtually splits the Presbyterian Church in Canada. The men who voted for union were thereby told that they had voted themselves out of the Presbyterian Church and had no more right to transact the business of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. But, apart from the eighty-eight irreconcilables, the rest of the Assembly are taking the protest calmly. When union was consummated between the different branches of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, certain congregations remained outside for some years, but these fell into line one after another until now the Presbyterian Church in Canada is practically a unit. And it is expected that in the future it will be the same with those who now present such a determined front to the present movement for organic union.

The resolution adopted by the Assembly definitely committing it to union with the Methodist and Congregational Churches, which had some time ago declared themselves ready for such a union, declared that within a period of one year after the war any congregation which had voted against union would be permitted to vote as to whether it should enter the United Church or not, and that thereafter the Assembly would proceed to seek the necessary legislation for union from Parliament and that union would be consummated as soon thereafter as regular steps can be taken. The appointment of a large and influential committee was therefore ordered, who should proceed with the negotiations for the consummation of union with the Methodist and Congregational Churches.

A FIRE-PREVENTION VICTORY

In a recent issue of The Outlook we reported the controversy between the city of Philadelphia and Messrs. Gimbel Brothers, the well-known department store merchants of that city, over the question whether a super-fire danger exists in the great store of the Gimbel firm. The case has been pending for two or three years. The most unpleasant feature of the case was that the Committee of the Alumnae of Bryn Mawr College, who had been making a scientific study of fire prevention, claimed that it was exceedingly difficult for them to get the newspapers to pay any attention to the case on account of the advertising interests involved.

The fire marshal of Philadelphia and other authorities insisted that certain changes should be made in the construction of Gimbel Brothers' building in the direction of fire prevention. Gimbel Brothers claimed that the cost of the required changes was so great as to be prohibitive, and that an equitable interpretation of the city ordinances did not compel them to conform to the orders of the fire marshal. They felt so sure of their position that they engaged the best legal advisers, including Mr. John G. Johnson, one of the most distinguished lawyers in the entire United States. When the case was brought up for its first hearing in the Court of Original Jurisdiction on June 5, however, Messrs. Gimbel Brothers notified the city solicitor that they would yield to the demands of the city and make necessary changes of construction in their building. The work of constructing two fire walls and placing standard fire shutters on the building is to begin not later than July 15. The city has agreed to accept the proposed changes as satisfactory, and an order was entered by the Court accepting this settlement of the case subject to the approval by the Court of the plans for alteration.

The fire marshal is reported to regard this settlement as "a great victory" for the city. It is certainly a victory for the force of public opinion, which has to a large degree been created by the courageous and persistent work of the Bryn Mawr Committee on Fire Prevention. The women on this Committee have carried on their propaganda in this particular instance against great political, financial, and even social obstacles. Only those who are in the midst of work of this kind can appreciate the pressure that is often brought

to bear to make it ineffective. Our congratulations go to the Bryn Mawr Committee on the expert intelligence with which they have done their work, to the Philadelphia officials for the establishment of a valuable precedent in favor of "safety first" ordinances, and to the members of the Gimbel firm for the wisdom which they have shown in recognizing the futility of opposing enlightened public opinion which is based upon a scientific study of the facts.

FIRE PREVENTION AND CITY ORDINANCES

In considering this case, our readers should bear in mind that the controversy is not one really for fire protection, but as to who shall be the judge in a municipality of the course to be pursued in preventing fires. The city of Philadelphia thinks it should be the final judge, and we think the city of Philadelphia is right. Every citizen in a municipality ought cheerfully to obey the laws. If he thinks the law is unreasonable, he should devote himself to its repeal instead of to its non-enforcement. As to the personal attitude of Messrs. Gimbel Brothers towards fire, we may quote one of the best-informed insurance experts in New York City, who is known to us personally. He writes as follows:

In our judgment, the risk of Gimbel Brothers is one of the best protected from a fire insurance standpoint anywhere. They are equipped with inside and outside sprinklers; have their own private fire brigade on duty at night and on Sundays and holidays; are more than liberally supplied with all kinds of fire extinguishing appliances, such as water pails, hand chemical extinguishers, fifty-gallon extinguishers on wheels, hose, fire pumps, tarpaulin, etc. Their premises are always maintained in excellent condition, and they invariably comply with our requirements without even so much as a word of protest. They are as anxious to avoid fire and its consequences as any one.

In the meantime, it is interesting and suggestive to note that Robert B. McIntyre, Supervising Statistician and Examiner in the Department of Finance, in a recent report says that the per capita fire loss for New York in 1915 was \$1.06, while the per capita loss for leading cities in Europe for the same year was 42 cents in Austria, 67 cents in England, 63 cents in France, 17 cents in Germany, 37 cents in Italy, and 7 cents in Holland. The discrepancy is astonishing. Why is the United States so far behind? One reason is undoubtedly the more solid con-

struction of buildings abroad, another is the greater efficiency of law enforcement and the consequent prompter obedience to law in European cities, and a third is said by some authorities to be the too great readiness of American insurance companies in the heat of competition to take doubtful risks.

AN EXPLANATION

In The Outlook for June 7 we commented editorially on what are known as the "wire-tapping cases." In order to make clear the fundamental issue at stake, the following principle was laid down: "For the prevention of crime and the detection of criminals it is necessary, even in a democracy like ours, for the police to have the power of espionage. For the right use of this power the police ought to be commended. For the wrong use of it they ought to be condemned." Farther on in the same article we said: "It seems to The Outlook that the police were justified in tapping the wires of Father Farrell and his lay associates, Dr. D. C. Potter and his son, Dean Potter."

Dr. Potter and his son Dean now write to us asserting that these two statements in juxtaposition falsely and libelously charge them, at least by innuendo, with criminal acts. The Outlook, whatever opinion it may entertain of their attitude towards Mayor Mitchel and Commissioner Kingsbury, did not intend to state that they were guilty of criminal acts. Our purpose was simply to defend the propriety of wire-tapping by the municipal authorities when certain social conditions prevail in the community. Neither Father Farrell nor Dr. D. C. Potter nor his son Dean Potter have been indicted or tried for criminal acts, and therefore have not been convicted of such acts and cannot legally be said to be guilty of them. We disclaim any intention to assert that they were so guilty or to print a "false and libelous" statement about them, and regret that our words have been so construed.

A NOTABLE GIFT

Auguste Rodin, the eminent sculptor, now seventy-six years old, has executed a deed of gift to the French Government of the entire collection of his own works, other art objects acquired by him, and the Hôtel Biron, in Paris, in which they are assembled.

This announcement happily ends a period of uncertainty as to the disposition of Rodin's collections. Some years ago the sculptor made a similar offer to the Government, only

to receive no definite reply. The Government was embarrassed. The proposition was contrary to French ideas. It is all very well to have a Maison de Balzac and a Victor Hugo Museum in Paris. But these were posthumous creations. It is repugnant to the French that a living artist, no matter how distinguished, should definitely place himself in a permanent position in history—that is, in the position of one authorized by the Government as a great master because the Government had accepted such a proposition as that outlined above.

But now the Government has accepted. The Rodin deed of gift means, first of all, just as critics contended, an unprecedented personal success. As emphasizing the man's character, some of M. Rodin's friends have suggested that these words of his should be engraved in stone over the entrance of the new museum:

The artist should be a man of science and patience. He should leave nothing to hazard. Everything that he does should be the product of his will.

One must know how to endure ignorance, bad faith, envy.

Until the age of fifty I suffered all the tortures of poverty; I have always lived as a laborer, but the mere pleasure of work has made me endure everything. It would be odious for me not to labor. Repose is monotonous.

When one seeks to please that monster with a million heads which is called the Public, one loses his personality and his independence. In limiting one's needs one can work, however, as one wishes, and one remains in the full liberty of his own thoughts.

In the second place, Paris will now have a museum possessing the advantage of showing a sculptor's masterpieces as placed by their creator, with a particular setting and lighting to produce the desired effect. Of course such a museum is something to be desired, no matter whose works are shown. In this case they are, first of all, achievements finally ready for the gaze of the public, others only half done, others just begun. In addition, there are sketches, drawings, and aquarelles. But this is not all. M. Rodin is not only an artist, he is also a collector, and his collection of ancient Egyptian and Greek statuary is remarkable. He has also some interesting tapestries, engravings, and modern paintings.

In the third place, the atmosphere of Old Paris is perpetuated in the face of the ever new. For the Hôtel Biron was formerly the

residence of the Duc de Biron, who died there in 1778, leaving it to his nephew. Afterwards it became the home of the Papal Nunciature, then of the Russian Embassy, and then of the famous Dames de Sacré Cœur. In 1906, when Church and State were separated in France, the Dames abandoned the place.

PROTECTING THE TOURIST IN THE NATIONAL PARKS

A correspondent, Mr. Moses Lyman, of Rochester, New York, has asked us to publish a letter from him protesting against "the regulations which now forbid tourists in our National parks, particularly the Yellowstone, from carrying firearms for self-protection." Space forbids the publication in full of Mr. Lyman's interesting letter, but we have been at pains to look into the regulations to which he refers.

Mr. Lyman says: "Last summer and before, robbers in Yellowstone Park held up the stages and, with perfect safety to themselves, relieved the passengers of all money and valuables. . . . It is an outrage that the United States Government neither provides a cavalry escort to guard each group of stages while making the trip through the park nor permits the passengers to arm themselves with revolvers for self-protection."

We have received an informative statement from the Secretary of the Interior in regard to our correspondent's charges. There are fourteen National parks under the Department of the Interior, and "no hold-ups have occurred in any of these parks since their creation, except the Yellowstone," says the Secretary. "There have been several hold-ups in Yellowstone Park, the last of which occurred in July, 1915." Then, as usual, the caravan of coaches was accompanied by a guard detailed for the purpose. "But in this case," says the Secretary, "the train of vehicles was very long and the attempt at robbery was made in between the points where the guards were stationed." The Secretary adds that robberies are much more frequent in other parts of the United States protected by police, such as railway trains and cities, than in the National parks.

It is true that, for the protection of game, the carrying of firearms in the parks is prohibited; but the regulations "provide that firearms will be permitted in a park upon the written permission of the supervisor in charge thereof."

We agree with the Secretary of the Interior

that the indiscriminate carrying of firearms by tourists would hardly "prevent such robberies or act as a deterrent." The proper resort for tourists is to protest to the park supervisor and ask for a larger guard if they believe that they are insufficiently protected in their sightseeing journeys. And the Government, without being asked, should see that the tourists are efficiently guarded.

MEXICO—A PROGRAMME

When this issue of *The Outlook* reaches its readers, there may be a war between the United States and Mexico. There is no good reason why there should be war.

Americans have no wish for Mexican territory, no ambition to govern the Mexican people, no zeal to impose American civilization upon them, no wish to solve their problems. We have no quarrel with the Mexican Government, for there is not, and for three years has not been, any Mexican Government with which to quarrel. We have no quarrel with the Mexican people, the great body of whom are peaceable, law-abiding, and measurably industrious. Our one wish is to be their friends.

For three years Mexico has been governed by mobs. They have robbed and killed more Mexicans than Americans. Americans have saved their lives by flight; Mexicans cannot save their lives by flight. The perils and the wrongs to Mexicans have been greater than to Americans.

To call the biggest of these mobs a *de facto* Government is preposterous. Mr. Lansing in his note rightly says: "The first duty of any government is the protection of life and property. This is the paramount obligation for which governments are instituted; and governments neglecting or failing to perform it are not worthy of the name." At no time has the Carranza so-called Government performed this duty; at no time has it been a *de facto* government. It has only been the larger, more powerful, and better organized of the mobs which have devastated the country. That this is the case Mr. Lansing's note makes very clear; it is outlined on another page and from it we quote as follows:

For three years the Mexican Republic has been torn with civil strife; the lives of Americans and other aliens have been sacrificed; vast properties developed by American capital and enterprise have been destroyed or rendered

non-productive; bandits have been permitted to roam at will through the territory contiguous to the United States, and to seize, without punishment or without effective attempt at punishment, the property of Americans, while the lives of citizens of the United States who ventured to remain in Mexican territory or to return there to protect their interests have been taken, in some cases barbarously taken, and the murderers have neither been apprehended nor brought to justice.

To declare in the same paper that a politico-military organization which fails to protect life and property is not worthy to be called a government, and that the politico-military organization which has been either unwilling or unable to furnish protection to life and property is a *de facto* government, as Mr. Lansing's note does, constitutes a curious contradiction in terms.

This curious confusion of mind has vitiated all our dealings with Mexico. We have dignified anarchy by entitling it revolution. The population of Mexico is estimated at fifteen millions; the armed banditti who have been plundering those people are roughly estimated at two hundred thousand. We have affirmed their right to ravage their peaceful fellow-citizens by comparing their acts with those of an ordered revolution aimed to secure the liberty and happiness of the people. We have sent our fleet to Vera Cruz to compel a salute to the flag, and when the salute was refused we have sailed away again. We have alternately put an embargo on the munitions of war and lifted it, and now have announced that we have put it on once more. Affirming that the first duty of a government is the protection of life and property, we have refused to protect the life and property of Americans pursuing lawful and peaceful vocations in Mexico. If a raiding party from Canada had shot up a New England town, we should not have sent a punitive expedition into Canada in pursuit of them; we should have called on the Canadian Government to pursue them. If a raiding party from a wild Indian tribe on one of our reservations had shot up a Western town, we should not have called upon the chief of the tribe to arrest the marauders; we should have pursued and arrested them ourselves. In Mexico we have at the same moment pursued the Mexican marauders and called on Carranza to pursue them. We have treated Mexico as a civilized country and as a barbaric tribe, Carranza as the ruler of a nation and as the chieftain of a tribe. No wonder that the Mexicans did

not understand us ; we have not understood ourselves.

Our first duty is to understand ourselves, to know the facts, and to fulfil without faltering and without passion the duty laid upon us by those facts. Mr. Lansing's note would be admirable if it were addressed to a responsible government. Addressed to an irresponsible mob; its only use is to put before the American people officially and authoritatively facts which the press for the last three years has been, with only moderate success, endeavoring to put before the American people, and which our Government, without any success at all, has been endeavoring to hide from them. We are not dealing with a Mexican government ; we are dealing with Mexican mobs. Our first duty is to recognize that fact and adopt our policy accordingly. That policy should be to protect from these mobs, first, American citizens ; and, secondly, Mexican citizens.

Our punitive expedition has accomplished all that it can accomplish. It has hunted one of the bandits to his lair. Whether he is in his grave or whether he is in hiding in the mountain fastnesses is not known and is not material. The long, thin line of American troops reaching far into the interior of Mexico can do nothing except exasperate peaceable Mexicans. Why should they not believe, what they are told, that this is a body of American banditti added to the Mexican bands which have already plundered, robbed, and murdered ? The first step in a peaceful policy would be to withdraw this line, and gather our soldiers along the border, so placed as to protect it from future raids. Where these troops should be placed, how far on the Mexican side, how far on the American side of the border, is a purely military question, to be determined by the military authorities on the ground.

Military authorities say that it will take from two weeks to two months to gather a force adequate to the fulfillment of our next duty. Unless the unexpected should happen and Carranza should do what he has never succeeded yet in doing—establish a competent government and maintain order—that next duty would be to occupy gradually strategic centers in Mexico and make them centers of protection, healing, and life-giving. A Mexican constabulary can be and should be organized in connection with any such center. To this constabulary, acting under American direction and paid by American

gold, should be intrusted the preservation of order in the surrounding district. From these centers should be sent out such expeditions as may be necessary to arrest and punish armed bands of marauders. These military posts should also be Red Cross centers. The impoverished Mexicans are dying like flies—men, women, and children—of disease and of starvation. From these centers should be sent out food and medicines. They should become educational centers. It will take a little time to convince the Mexican people that we are their friends, and the enemies only of their enemies—the mob. This can be done only by deeds of friendship. Notes and proclamations are useless in dealing with a people eighty per cent of whom cannot read. As these centers are occupied by friendly troops, as the well-paid and well-organized and well-directed Mexican constabulary acquire police efficiency and extend their police jurisdiction, as the starving are fed, the sick are cared for, justice is administered, industry is protected, crops are sown and gathered, prejudices will disappear, friendship will ripen. The process will be slow, yet more rapid, perhaps, than we think. In less than a week after our occupation of Vera Cruz sniping ceased, and presently anti-American prejudice had begun to disappear and American protection and American purses to be welcomed by the population.

Such a campaign of friendship would have been attended with little danger and no great difficulty three years ago. It will be attended with greater difficulties and greater danger now. A battle with one or more organized forces may be a necessary incident. Guerilla warfare will continue for a time. Anti-American prejudice will yield only gradually. The more ignorant and unreasonably a prejudice, the more difficult it is to overcome. But it can be overcome by a campaign of healing to the sick, food to the starving, protection to the plundered, and prosperity to the devastated.

Americans desire no conquest of Mexico. But Mexico surely needs a protectorate from America. She needs done for her what, by different methods but in substantially the same spirit, we are doing for Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. She needs the maintenance of a stable and just government while her people are acquiring the ability for self-government. She needs no conqueror ; but she needs a Big Brother,

who will help her to substitute the government of law for the rule of the mob.

This is the campaign we ought to have undertaken three years ago. It is never too late to mend.

DEMOCRACY IN DREAMLAND

In its four years' journey from Baltimore in 1912 to St. Louis in 1916 the Democratic party has been transformed. The Convention at Baltimore was a subtle game played by men acquainted with the sordid side of politics. The Convention at St. Louis was a revival meeting, swayed by genuine human feeling. At Baltimore the atmosphere was of the earth, earthy. At St. Louis the atmosphere was the rarefied air of the mountain-top.

Idealism dominated the St. Louis platform. The record of the Democratic Administration was idealized, and as the delegates surveyed the list of promised measures of social justice they regarded it not merely as a pledge of future performance, but as an ideal for present enjoyment.

As great as the revolution has been in the Republican party, it is matched by the revolution in the Democratic party. Though such party managers as Mr. Taggart, of Indiana, Mr. Sullivan, of Illinois, and Mr. Murphy, of New York, are more powerful in their own bailiwicks than ever, more secure than before in their hold upon the loyalty of their organizations, they have adapted themselves to the new order. They, too, have, in a measure, yielded to the spirit of progress that has affected their followers.

These delegates, however, were too hard-headed to allow their idealism to lift them off the earth as long as they discussed domestic affairs with which they were acquainted; but when they approached foreign affairs, which were outside their world of experience, they were swept into a veritable land of dreams. And it was here that their enthusiasm was raised to the highest pitch. They saw visions of a beautiful, isolated America, unstained by the grime of international conflicts. And there was nothing to mar the enjoyment of this vision. There was no contest within the Convention to engage their thought. Like the assembling of a clan on the eve of battle, the Convention therefore turned itself into a ceremonial meeting to prepare itself for the Presidential contest yet to come. The tribal

chiefs roused each other and their warriors to high spirits by rehearsing the action of the coming contest and by picturing graphically the issue of the campaign. They painted in words, on a banner of oratory, their vision of America aloof, labeled it "neutrality," and held it up as their party's standard.

In the background of that vision was a world mad with bloodshed; in the foreground a land sane, peaceful, and plenteous. Europe had sent her sons into an unreasoning, murderous contest, while America had kept her sons free for productive labor and for the enjoyment of hearth and home. Mexico was torn and bleeding, while America was whole and serene. Even history was evoked to testify that the impulses which stir the hearts of men to struggle elsewhere in the world have no place in the hearts of the people of America. War as pictured here was only the sport of blood-bespattered monarchs. With men in a life-and-death struggle the America of this dream had nothing to do. From the point of view of those who dwelt in this dreamland at St. Louis the European war was as unmoral as a dog fight; the only way to restore peace was to wait till the contestants were exhausted, and then somehow to separate them and bid them come to their senses; the only service America could perform was to give to a mad world an example of the rewards of neutrality.

So orator after orator added his touch to this verbal picture: On the east an inferno, to the south an inferno, and separated from both infernos by a gulf of Democratic neutrality a landscape of quiet pastures and pleasant hillsides and fertile valleys dotted with school-houses from which troop happy children, factories welcoming prosperous workingmen, and the many homes of a contented people.

In that dreamland of the Democratic Convention there was no place for the bodies of American women and children drowned by the deliberate act of a German submarine; no place for those American women outraged by bandits in Mexico and left defenseless by their country; no place for the American homes on the border which have been menaced by armed raiders; no place for National duty to defend the rights of American citizens on land and sea; no place for the obligation of a great Nation to resist with all its strength those who would destroy the fabric of the public law of nations on which civilization rests; no place for those who are ready to

die that liberty and democracy may survive ; no place for the liberty-loving French, who are not afraid to enter the inferno in order to beat back the flaming tide of military autocracy ; no place for the brave Belgians fighting hopelessly for their homes against overwhelming odds ; no place even for memories of liberty-loving Americans in the past who, for the sake of defending their freedom, had braved the perils of war and by their bodies had withstood the force of tyranny and oppression.

In that dreamland at St. Louis there was no evil but war, no good but peace. It was a dreamland in which men rejoiced that men had been saved even from the threat of hostilities, without regard to the fact that the price had been paid in the blood of women and children. It was a dreamland devoid of the conscious knowledge of right and wrong.

It is impossible to believe that the American people are living in this land of dreams, this world of unreality. It is impossible to believe that the American people will accept this vision of mere comfort, plenty, and tranquil self-content as the supreme National good. It is impossible to believe that the American people will hold that the only alternative to war is the evasion of National duty, the avoidance of those burdens which only strong peoples can bear.

In the dreamland of the Democratic Convention there was no way to escape war except by ignoring the moral issues in the present world crisis, by ignoring the wrongs suffered by Americans in Mexico and on the high seas, by ignoring the claims of other neutral nations upon the strength of the richest and strongest neutral Nation, by ignoring alike the perils of the future, the demands of the present, and the most highly prized traditions of the past. In the world of reality, to ignore these things is the surest invitation to ultimate war and possible disaster.

America wants peace, but she wants justice more. America does not want war—least of all, war upon a half-starved, bandit-ridden people like the Mexicans. But the issue now is not between peace and war. It is an issue between ease and self-respect.

The Democratic party offers to the country the vision of a self-satisfied, selfish Nation in a world of dreams. What the country wants is a vision of the Nation strong and sternly determined to bear its burdens and do its duty in a world of reality.

A TRUE AMBASSADOR

While Europe is setting before the world a group of fighting men, the figure of a great maker of peace comes to us from Japan. Bishop Harris has not been talking peace among the Orientals for forty-five years, he has been breathing and living it ; he is a contemporary illustration of the power of love. Many people understand love as a sentiment ; few people have ever worked it out as a principle with more striking results than this Methodist missionary bishop who has now retired after a lifetime of unselfish service. When he went to Japan forty-five years ago, the Island Empire was just emerging from the isolation of its long feudal period. Shortly after his arrival a young Samurai, after ceremonial purification and meditation, killed a foreigner as a sacrificial offering in defense of his country. The other day when Bishop Harris left Japan a large company of the most distinguished Japanese of to-day united in a testimonial dinner to him !

When he went to Japan, a friend of the young missionary sent him a revolver in view of the disquietude then prevailing in the section where he was staying, but the preacher threw it into the sea ; he had no need of that kind of protection. He went to the American Consul, reported that he had taken up his residence, and said that he and Mrs. Harris had come to devote themselves to the teaching of Christianity. After some conversation the Consul said, half humorously and half seriously : " I suppose, Mr. Harris, you will soon be calling for a gunboat ! " to which the young missionary replied that he should under no circumstances ask for that kind of protection ; that he had come to serve the Japanese, and that he and his wife would accept whatever that service involved.

To the Japanese on the Pacific coast of America, in Hawaii, in Korea, in all parts of the Japanese Empire, his name is a synonym for peace and good will. The traveler in the East who goes with a desire to understand the people whom he visits, and not simply to confirm the impressions he has already formed of them, speedily finds that from no class of men and women can he get such trustworthy information of the character of the different races as from the missionaries, and if he keeps his mind open he eventually makes the great discovery that they alone understand a people who work with and for them. The

men who go among a foreign people for profit often secure an intimate knowledge of the ways of the country and the habits of its people; but no man ever yet learned the soul of a people who lived among them chiefly for his own profit. It is a significant fact that the missionaries as a rule are zealous believers in the superiority of the races among whom they work. The missionaries in Japan, Korea, China, and India, for instance, believe devotedly in the superior capacity of the races among whom they live. They know them from within; instead of "working" them, they work for and with them.

Dr. Harris is an elderly man. It will not harm him, therefore, to say of him that there is a luminous quality about him; as he moved in and out among the Japanese and the Koreans he has lighted the path to a higher and happier life. He has also lighted the path to peace. If such a man as he could interpret the different countries to one another, the very roots out of which hatred and distrust grow would perish.

At the Methodist General Conference at Saratoga, recently reported by *The Outlook*, Dr. Harris made the last report of his stewardship, but no report which he could make, save by its reflection of the great advance of Christianity in Japan and Korea, could in any way suggest the extraordinary service he has rendered by simply *being* a Christian in those countries. At a farewell dinner given him in Tokyo by a group of the most distinguished Japanese, including the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Viscount Kaneko, the President of the lower house of the Japanese Diet, many spoke with the utmost gratitude of the service which Dr. Harris had rendered to the Japanese people. The Minister of Foreign Affairs said, "If all Americans dealt with us as open-heartedly as Dr. Harris does, and if we revered the Americans as we revere Dr. Harris, friendship between Japan and America would remain unchanged forever." And on the eve of his departure from Tokyo the Emperor decorated him for the third time.

Such a man is in the truest sense a national ambassador. America has been fortunate in sending to the Far East many high-minded interpreters of the American spirit. Commodore Perry, who opened the country to Western influence, and Townsend Harris, who drew the first treaty made by Japan with this country, are known to every

school-boy in the Empire because they represented the spirit which Dr. Harris has expressed in all his relations with the Japanese. Charles Cuthbert Hall's two visits to India are historic because, foremost among the men of the West who have endeavored to explain the West to the East, he approached the Indian mind so sympathetically and with such a desire to understand and to find common ground between the Occident and the Orient that he secured a hospitality of hearing and an earnestness and depth of attention which were a revelation to many who supposed that they were perfectly familiar with the temper of the Indian mind.

The time will come when such careers as that of Dr. Harris will cease to be prophetic; they will become the practical rule of living.

THE CHURCH AND DANCING

What ought to be the attitude of parents and guardians toward dancing?

The Roman Catholic Church in the United States has issued a decree, with the approval of the Pope, forbidding all dancing in church entertainments.

The Methodist Church has gone further. Its discipline forbids all dancing, theater-going, and card-playing; and the late Quadrennial Conference rejected an amendment abolishing this prohibition.

The tendency in most Protestant churches is in the other direction. Protestants in increasing number are directly providing for as well as encouraging dancing in connection with social settlement work under wise guidance and direction, in the belief that when so guided and directed it is an exercise mentally, socially, and physically beneficial. In at least some cases encouragement is directly given to dancing under supervision by the church in parish houses or other buildings belonging to the church. For while it must be remembered that dancing in our time is quite different from dancing in the time of Jesus, it must also not be forgotten that Jesus never forbade dancing, and his occasional references to it imply approval. There is certainly nothing in the teaching of Jesus inconsistent with such approval by a Christian church as has just been described.

Thus three methods are suggested, not only to the churches, but to teachers, parents, and guardians: they may prohibit dancing altogether; they may banish it from

church gatherings and dissociate it from the church, so that the church will no longer be in any sense sponsor for it; or they may recognize it, identify themselves with it, to that extent encourage it, and by their presence and encouragement supervise and regulate it.

We have no hesitation in saying that, in our judgment, the last of these methods is the best method.

We recognize the very serious evils in certain forms of modern dancing. These evils are probably seen at their worst in public balls and dance-halls. On the other

hand, little children take to dancing as naturally as a duck takes to water. There is nothing essentially evil in rhythmic motion to the accompaniment of music. To banish dancing from assemblies under the control of Christian people is dangerous. To prohibit dancing altogether is to run counter to nature, and is generally futile. To regulate dancing under proper guidance is both safer and more practicable.

Regulation of dancing is better than prohibition, and it is more in accordance with the liberty which belongs to the disciples of Jesus.

WHY CONGRESS IS SLOW

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

THAT public questions of vital importance do not receive prompt and intelligent despatch in the Congress of the United States needs hardly to be stated. That the men elected to represent us at Washington are intentionally neglectful of the public duties they have assumed cannot properly be asserted. That questions of relative import affecting a great private corporation—with its directors and its officers to control it, just as Congress controls the much larger public corporation of the Federal Government—are settled promptly and capably is well known.

Why are our public servants, the elected directors of the corporation of the United States, so painfully slow in accomplishment? Why has the most of a long session of Congress passed without the provision of adequate plans for public defense? Why is it so common an occurrence as to be almost axiomatic that when our National legislators are making little progress on greater special questions before them it is almost impossible to get through Congress simple and needed enactments to which there is no definite opposition? Why do self-sacrificing public officials, working for the people at merely incidental salaries as compared with their earning power in business life, become discouraged and apathetic because of the delays and difficulties incident to awaiting the lag-gard action of Congress?

Perhaps some suggestions and personal experiences may aid in partly explaining the lamentable slowness of legislative progress.

At the outset, it should be noted that Congress, though organized to do the busi-

ness planning and to provide and disburse the income of the Nation, is not made up of efficient business men. A glance at the Congressional Directory will confirm this statement. Lawyers predominate, and delay is a tradition of the legal profession. There are many so-called politicians, but few of these are trained men of affairs. Their training is mostly in "glad hand" work and in satisfying constituents with jobs and documents and seeds and letters. The few men in Congress who have successfully conducted large business are, in a sense, out of practice, and they, as well as their associates, breathe and are subject to the Congressional atmosphere of dilly-dallying, of trading and compromise, which is characteristic of Washington.

It must also be recognized, despite the high character of most Congressmen, that the next election is always close, and that simple, unified, and concrete attention to the public business is hard to give without overlooking the home fences which need constantly to be kept in repair.

The method of legislation is not conducive to speed or efficiency under our system of checks and safeguards. In the United States Steel Corporation, for example, much that is in Congress legislated about is handled by executive action, and the directors decide only broad questions of policy, leaving details to able officials. But in Congress a proposition to do anything must be offered as a bill, printed, referred to a committee for discussion, be reported from the committee, voted upon three times, messaged to the other body for similar detailed action, and then finally

receive the approval of the President before it becomes law. As all sorts of little, petty, private-advantage matters may be and constantly are put into this round, it is more than likely that the meritorious, important proposition, not receiving "lobbying" attention, not pushed by private interest, will be side-tracked and lost. Notoriously, many bills are voted upon and passed of which those who vote for them know nothing.

Consider the committee methods as one predominating factor of delay. At a recent hearing upon an important measure earnestly recommended by one of the greater Federal departments more than eighty per cent of the two days' time of the Congressmen was spent in discussing trifling details not at all related to the larger question of the bill under consideration. Irritated at first, I soon surrendered to the sheer enjoyment of watching the excellent men of this important committee play with the public business. It was exactly as if, when the question of building the great Pennsylvania terminal in New York was up for decision, the directors of that railway system had spent much time discussing the pattern of the grille work in front of the ticket windows, and some more time in haggling over how much should be paid the janitors! Fourteen Congressmen were in action, and there were in attendance a half-

dozen department men, to say nothing of the interested citizens. Officially, the cost was over \$600 per day, and yet the question to be decided, if treated upon business principles, could not have required for discussion more than two hours at the most.

Then the last hurdle to be surmounted is that of an appropriation, if the enactment needs public money. Here business has no place; there is no "budget" system; the chairman of the Appropriations Committee is all-powerful, and he "kills or makes alive." He means well, of course, but the method of consideration is not that which would be used in deciding upon an expenditure in the business office of The Outlook, to speak moderately!

Congress is slow, because the business it undertakes to do is not done by men trained in that business; because the methods in use are not modern or efficient; because there is the ever-present idea that compromise is an inevitable attribute of legislation; because it is easier to listen to self-interest than to the public interest. All this is so because it is our accepted habit; and we are all as guilty as any Congressmen in continuing an absurd, antiquated, frightfully expensive, and inefficient method of conducting the public business.

J. HORACE MCFARLAND.

Washington, D. C.

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

WHAT IS COMING?

MR. H. G. WELLS is always interesting, often entertaining, rarely convincing. One does not read him for the accuracy of his facts or the soundness of his thoughts, but because he stimulates one's own thinking. I do not accept his "European Forecast,"¹ though I find much of value in it, but it has quickened in me an endeavor to form a forecast of my own.

He believes that Germany will be beaten, but not crushed, and with her allies will be left militarist; that "the war has become a war of exhaustion;" that the end will come, not by a decisive victory on either side, but

by the exhaustion of one or all of the Powers engaged in the conflict; that, though "nearly everybody wants peace, . . . it is really quite idle to dream of a warless world" in present world conditions; that, nevertheless, the war "will make for world peace" and "a quickened general interest in its possibility;" that the first step toward such a world peace will be the creation of three groups of powers—the Entente Powers constituting one group, the German or Central Powers another group, and the United States and the South American republics a third group; that with the reduction of the number of real Powers to these three, instead of scores, the chances of war will be greatly reduced; and that these chances will be still

¹What Is Coming? A European Forecast. By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

further diminished by the awful lesson against the warlike spirit which this war has, not wholly in vain, taught mankind.

Mars will sit like a giant above all human affairs for the next two decades, and the speech of Mars is blunt and plain. He will say to us all: "Get your houses in order. If you squabble among yourselves, waste time, litigate, muddle, snatch profits and shirk obligations, I will certainly come down upon you again. I have taken all your men between eighteen and fifty, and killed and maimed such as I pleased; millions of them. I have wasted your substance—contemptuously. Now, mark you, you have multitudes of male children between the ages of nine and nineteen running about among you. Delightful and beloved boys. And behind them come millions of delightful babies. Of these I have scarcely smashed and starved a paltry hundred thousand perhaps by the way. But go on muddling, each for himself and his parish and his family and none for all the world, go on in the old way, stick to your 'rights,' stick to your 'claims,' each one of you, make no concessions and no sacrifices, obstruct, waste, squabble, and presently I will come back again and take all that fresh harvest of life I have spared, all those millions that are now sweet children and dear little boys and youths, and I will squeeze it into red pulp between my hands, I will mix it with the mud of trenches and feast on it before your eyes, even more damnably than I have done with your grown-up sons and young men. And I have taken most of your superfluities already; next time I will take your barest necessities."

I have said that this book is to me chiefly valuable as a stimulant to thinking, and, without writing further either in description or criticism of Mr. Wells's forecast, I venture tentatively on one of my own. It should, however, be described rather as a hope than as a forecast, but it is a hope based on present currents in the world's history.

I do not expect, and certainly do not hope, that Germany will be crushed. Her value as a civilized and civilizing Power is far too great to make such an issue conceivably possible. But I see reason to hope that the spirit of militarism will as a result of this conflict be practically destroyed in all western Europe. By militarism I mean the spirit interpreted by Bernhardt in his famous exposition of the duty of Germany—the spirit which believes that the law of the forest is the law for civilized man; that the supreme civilizing force is the ruthless law, "struggle for existence, survival of the fittest, and destruction of the unfit;" that physical force is the only

force which makes fit for survival; that war is therefore a biological, social, and moral necessity; and that it is the duty of every nation to equip itself with instruments of warfare and be ready to engage in war whenever the opportunity for struggle with and victory over surrounding nations offers itself. This spirit of militarism was destroyed in England by the great democratic revolution which characterized the beginning of the nineteenth century; in France by the overthrow of Napoleon III in 1870; in Italy by the destruction of Bourbonism by Garibaldi and Cavour; it has no place in the policies or the ambitions of the United States. Inherited from Frederick the Great and imposed by Prussia on an essentially peaceful German people, it will not in Germany survive the issues of this war. I agree with Mr. Wells: "Never were a people so disillusioned as the Germans must already be, never has a nation been called upon for so complete a mental readjustment." The grounds for that disillusion are abundant; the signs of that disillusion are evident; when it is completed, then, and not till then, will there come the end of the war.

I. With the death of militarism I hope to see the foundation of a better brotherhood. English, French, and Russians cannot fight together in the same trenches without leaving some of their prejudices dead upon the battlefield. Each nation has done something to care for the wounded and the prisoners of the other nations; and there is no surer way to beget friendship for another than by rendering service. Greek, Roman Catholic, and Protestant have worshiped together under the same roof in the Young Men's Christian Association tents, and can no longer look upon each other with the old ecclesiastical hatred. Christian and pagan working together for a common cause have learned that there is a spirit of humanity deeper than all differences of creed and ritual. The war has done much to diminish and something to destroy those national race and religious prejudices which have prevented the brotherhood of man from practical realization.

II. The war is making very thin the walls which separate a nation into alien castes. After a butler has been made chief of staff and given a title of nobility it will be impossible for philosophy to maintain the doctrines that capacity and character depend upon aristocratic breeding. Prejudices survive the philosophy which was created to defend

them; but they do not permanently survive. The notion that the Negro is not a man but an animal could not outlive Booker T. Washington and the intellectual and material progress of his race. The daughters of the aristocracy of England are working on Sundays in the munition factories to give the daughters of the working classes one day in seven for rest and recreation. They can never look down upon their working-girl sisters with quite the same pity akin to contempt, nor can their fellow-workers look up to their aristocratic sisters with quite the same envy akin to hate, as before.

III. The effect of the war on the relation between employer and employed it is not so easy to forecast. Temporarily it has apparently intensified rather than lessened the strain between the two. The capitalists are making money out of the war. No wonder that the workingmen are eager to get their share. Yet there seems to me to be a real value in the pregnant suggestions of Mr. Wells:

We are beginning to agree that reasonably any man may be asked to die for his country; what we have to recognize is that any man's proprietorship, interest, claims, or rights may just as properly be called upon to die. . . .

For every one there are two diametrically different ways of thinking about life; there is individualism, the way that comes as naturally as the grunt from a pig, of thinking outwardly from oneself as the center of the universe, and there is the way that every religion is trying in some form to teach, of thinking back to oneself from greater standards and realities.

It is at least reasonable to hope that this larger view, taught in the trenches and by machine guns, will continue after the war to subordinate individual interests to the common welfare. This tendency will be aided by the increased distribution of wealth which the aftermath of this war is certain to bring. Political economists have long been telling us that the economic problem of our time is not the acquisition but the right distribution of wealth. There are already abundant signs, in the land tax, the progressive income tax, the progressive inheritance tax, and the corporation tax, of the growing resolve of democracy to transfer the burden of taxation from the shoulders of the poor to the shoulders of the rich. It will hardly be possible to retransfer it after the war.

IV. Mr. Wells lays great stress on the lesson of co-operation which Great Britain is learning from the war. A considerable por-

tion of his book is devoted to a vigorous and always entertaining indictment of individualism and to an interpretation of the tendency to substitute therefor a quasi-Socialism. "The Allies," he says, "will become state firms, as Germany was, indeed, already becoming before the war; setting private profit aside in the common interest, handling agriculture, transport, shipping, coal, the supply of metals, the manufacture of a thousand staple articles, as national concerns."

He does not lay equal emphasis upon, indeed he hardly recognizes, any tendency toward industrial liberty. Like most Socialistic writers, he treats individual liberty and social efficiency as sworn foes. I believe that they are no more inconsistent forces in society than are centrifugal and centripetal forces in nature; that Germany, the Socialized state, and Great Britain and France, the democratic states, will exchange ideas and ideals, and each will be better for the exchange.

V. Similarly the world is learning that the spirit of nationalism and the spirit of internationalism are not incongruous. The war is developing even in this country a new patriotism expressed not by shouting over the present nor by glorifying the past, but by service. The spring of the great National movement in the United States for military preparedness is no spirit of militarism, no liking for military glory, no ambition for military dominion, no sordid desire for military profits, no craven fear of foreign invasion; it is an enkindled desire to render some service and bear some burden in expression of a deeply stirred spirit of American patriotism. So far is this desire from being incongruous with the spirit of international brotherhood, that at the same time and by the same leaders the desire is expressed and plans are formed for an international federation of world powers. As love for the family is the source of neighborliness, so neighborliness is the source of nationalism and nationalism is the source of universal brotherhood.

VI. Growing out of this better brotherhood between individuals of different races, religions, and castes in each nation, I look to see a development of that brotherhood between nations of which the Hague Conference and the Hague Tribunal are a prophecy and a symptom. Dr. Alfred H. Fried's little book, "The Restoration of Europe,"¹ gives both

¹The Restoration of Europe. By Dr. Alfred H. Fried. Translated from the German by Lewis Stiles Gannett. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.

inspiration to the hope and clarity to the vision of such an international brotherhood—a book the more significant because its author is a German, though writing in Switzerland.

Imperialism has attempted to establish a world unity by subjugation. It has made this attempt again and again, and always failed. Egypt, Babylon, Persia, Greece, Rome, Spain, France, have all essayed the task. Germany will not succeed where they have failed. In truth, Germany already begins to realize that she cannot succeed. "Imperialism attempts to achieve its aims clumsily, by a policy of force, with the desire to reap for a single state all the benefits of world organization. It would impose order upon the world instead of attaining it by mutual agreement." The Pan-American Union, the voluntary union of states in Great Britain, the voluntary union of states in the United States, point out the way by which a world organization is to be sought and obtained which will take the place of a world anarchy. Not all armaments will disappear, but competitive armaments. Treaties will not become scraps of paper. On the contrary, "when the fever is past, there will surely be a new and higher appreciation of the value of treaties." The Hague vision of a world organization will be reinforced by a public will determined to realize it in a co-operative

Europe. "Militarism has been dealt a blow from which it can never recover."

Mr. Fried's vision of a "co-operative Europe" appears to me much more significant than Mr. Wells's guesses at the map of Europe after the war. These guesses I shall not here report, nor shall I attempt any guesses of my own. Nor shall I lengthen this Paper by describing his suggestive chapter on the effect of the war upon the present consciousness and the future life of the United States. But from that chapter I quote these special sentences, giving them my hearty indorsement and making them my own:

"The people of the United States have shed their delusion that there is an Eastern and a Western Hemisphere, and that nothing can ever pass between them but immigrants and tourists and trade. . . . This is one world, and bayonets are a crop that spreads. . . . There is no real peace but the peace of the whole world, and that is only to be kept by the whole world resisting and suppressing aggression wherever it arises. . . . No longer a political Thoreau in the woods, a sort of vegetarian recluse among nations, a being of negative virtues and unpremeditated superiorities, she [America] girds herself for a manly part in the toilsome world of men."

The Knoll, Cornwall-on-Hudson.

MAKING THE ISSUE CLEAR¹

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

THE Progressive Convention was one of yearning impossibility and frustrated hopes. The times were out of joint for a third party or for the pressing upon the Republicans of a candidate not regarded by them as "regular" or "available." The sun set in thick clouds, and eager, earnest men forsook the politico-spiritual exaltation of the convention hall in gloom, to face again the stern and ruthless realities of American politics. The Republican Convention began in dull uncertainty and listless unenthusiasm, and grew measurably day by day in patriotic spirit and desire, but never quite got over its timidities, its resentments, its prejudices, its fears, even when it had reached a fixed and unalterable conviction

that it had done its best for the party and the country. The temper of the Convention mind of both these branches of Republicanism was in part the product of the fierce clash of the last political quadrennium, of the impetuous distrust and the sullen hostility thereby created on either side.

The Democratic Convention met at St. Louis under totally different auspices. It was the party in power, the party of accomplishment, the party with an issue, the party with a great leader—this was its temper of mind, the reason for its high enthusiasm, its ardent hope, its buoyant spirit. The cold and cheerless Coliseum at Chicago felt for two days like a mausoleum. The Coliseum at St. Louis was immediately gay with color and sunshine and patriotic exuberance. The

(Continued on page following illustrations)

¹ See the editorial "Democracy in Dreamland."

Current Events Pictorially Treated



PHOTOGRAPH FROM BAIN NEWS SERVICE

GENERAL BRUSILOV

Commander of the Russian forces in the great new offensive against the Austrians



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MEMBERS OF THE RUSSIAN DUMA ON A VISIT TO ENGLAND FOR A CONFERENCE

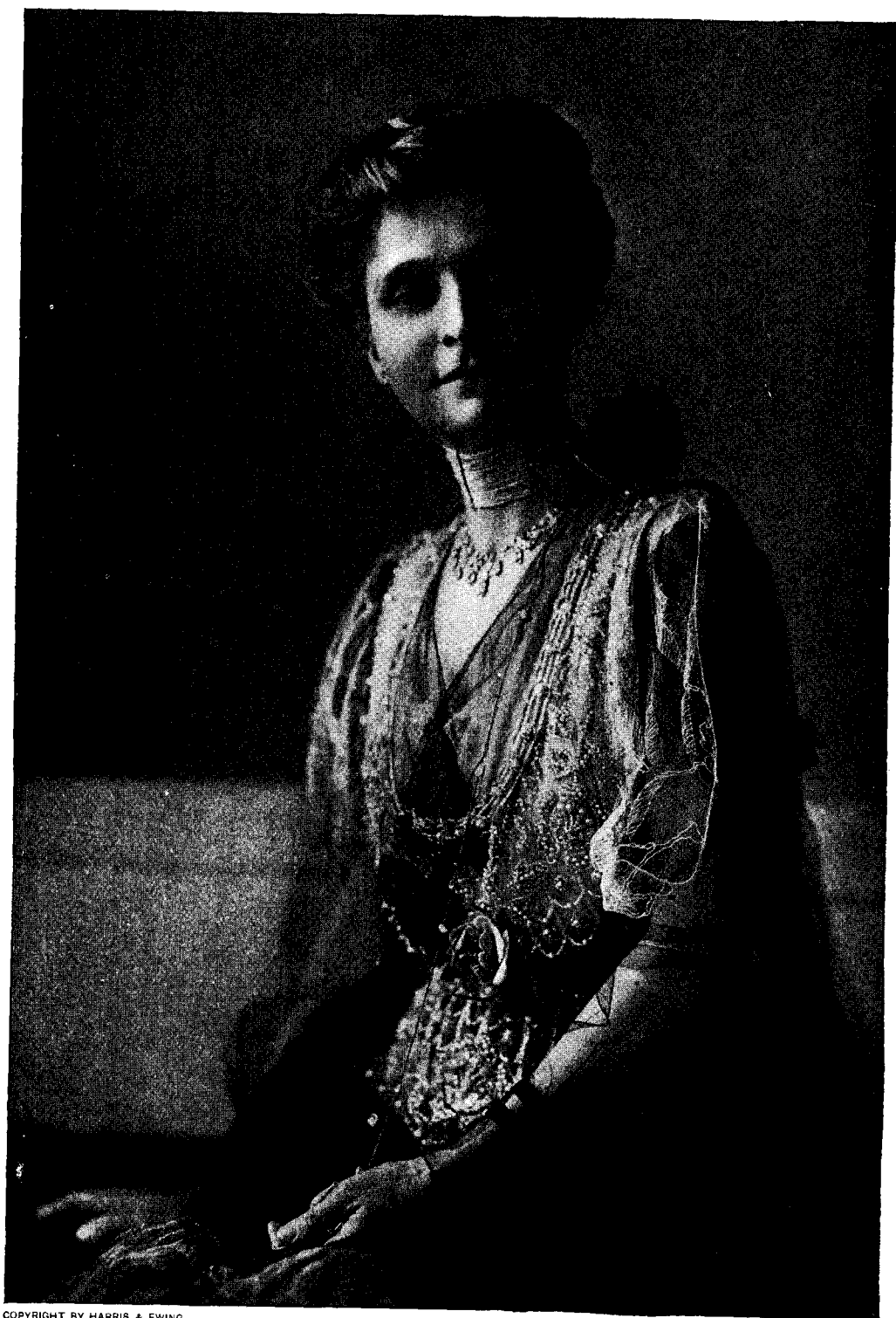
Seated on the extreme right is Professor Milyukov, leader of the Liberal party in the Duma; seated in the center with arms folded is Speaker Lowther, of the British House of Commons; next to him at the right is Baron Rosen, formerly Russian Ambassador at Washington

RUSSIA REDIVIVUS



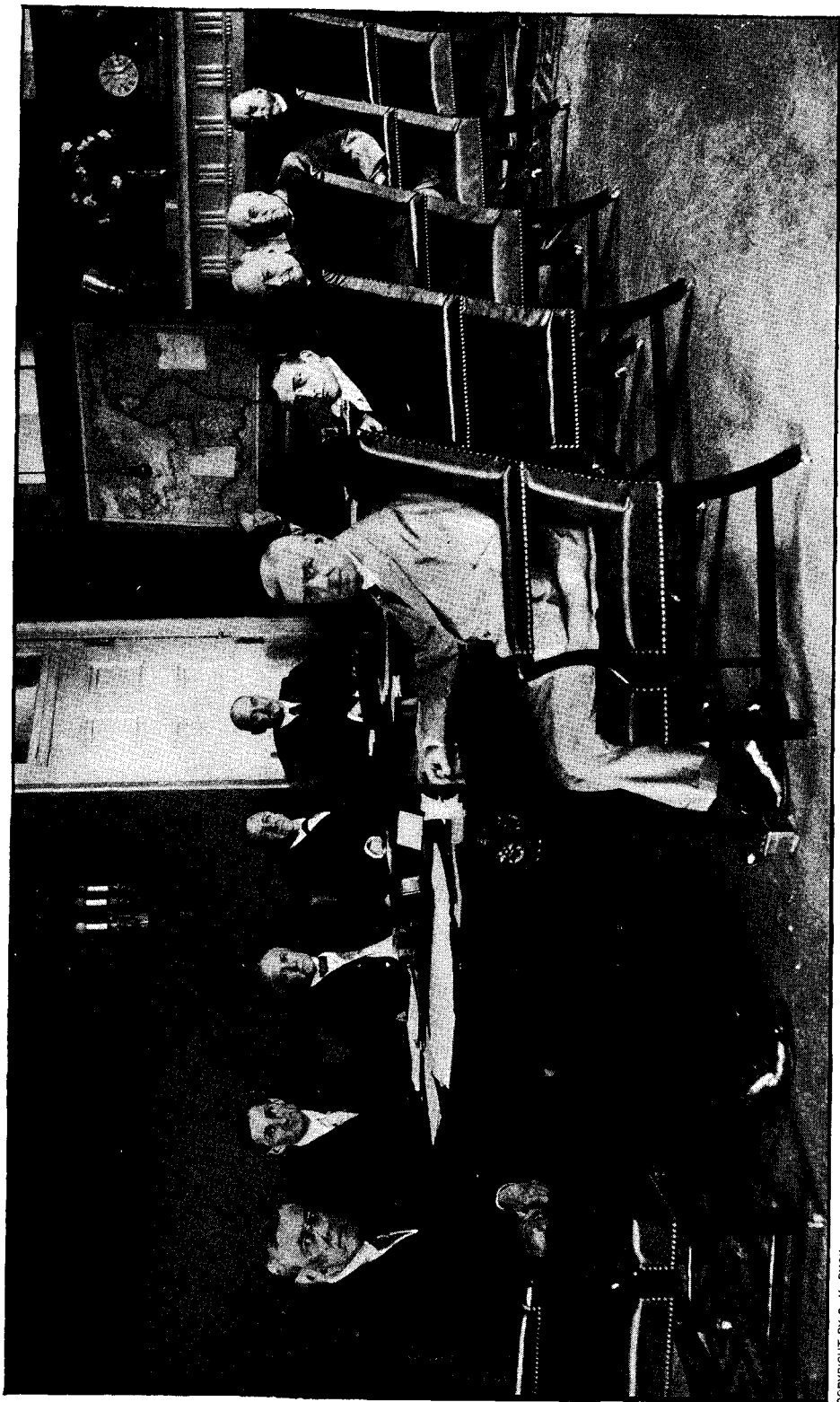
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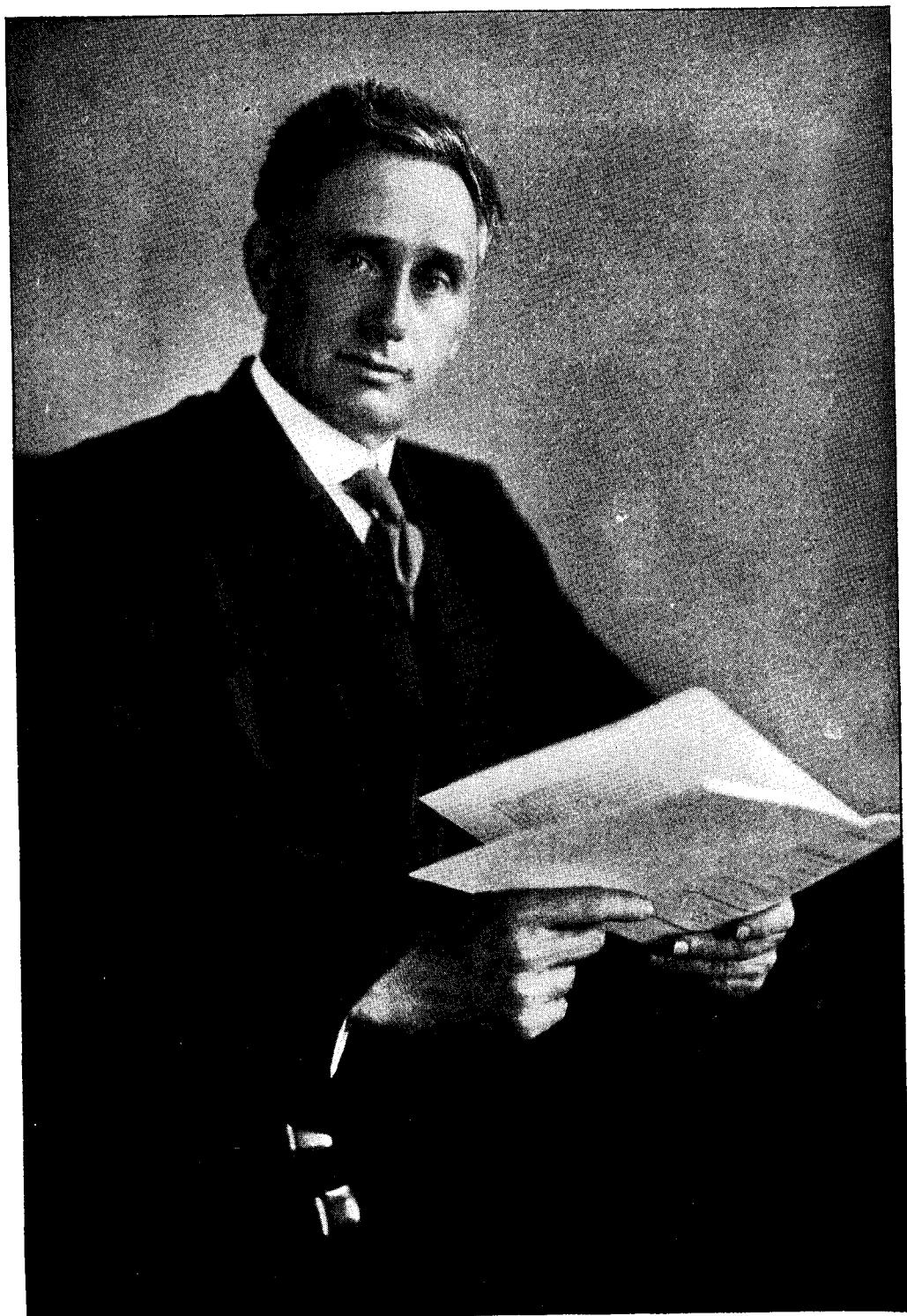
MRS. CHARLES E. HUGHES



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PRESIDENT WILSON, WHO HAS JUST BEEN RENOMINATED, AND HIS PRESENT CABINET

At the head of the table, at the left, is President Wilson; in the center foreground is Robert Lansing, Secretary of State; next him is Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War; then come Postmaster-General Albert S. Burleson, Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane, and the Secretary of Commerce, William C. Redfield; at the foot of the table is the Secretary of Labor, William B. Wilson; on the left of table next President Wilson are William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury; Thomas W. Gregory, Attorney-General; the Secretary of the Navy, Josephus Daniels, and the Secretary of Agriculture, David S. Houston



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LOUIS DEMBITZ BRANDEIS, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME
COURT OF THE UNITED STATES

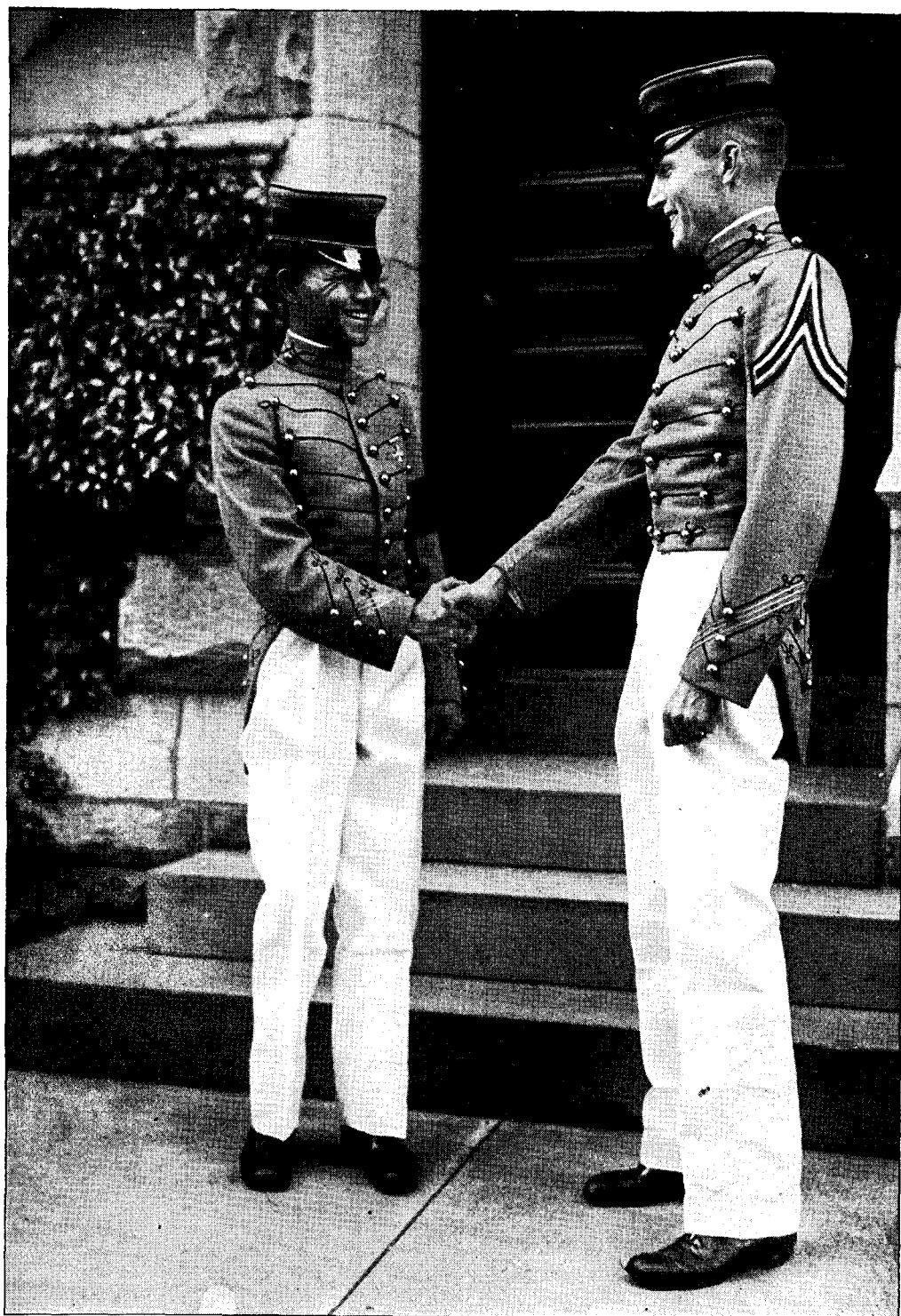
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PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

SENATOR LODGE AND GENERAL LEONARD WOOD AT THE PRINCETON
COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

At the extreme right of the picture next to General Wood is the Dean of Princeton Graduate School,
Andrew F. West



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COMMENCEMENT DAY AT WEST POINT

Rafael L. Garcia, at the left, is a Filipino, the only one in the graduating class; John H. Wills, of Alabama, at the right, is the honor man of his class



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Millions of Americans read with solicitude the statement that Colonel Roosevelt had been taken suddenly ill a few days after the Republican and Progressive Conventions had adjourned. That the political situation following the conventions did not disturb Mr. Roosevelt's habitual poise and equanimity of spirit may be seen from the above photograph, which was taken on Wednesday, June 14 in New York, at the steamship pier to which Mr. Roosevelt had driven to meet his son Kermit on his return from South America. Kermit Roosevelt is standing at the left. Mr. Roosevelt's condition at first very painful, continued to improve, and his indisposition promised to be but temporary

Democratic Convention was bright as the morning and full of vitality from the start. There was no doubt about the genuine Americanism of its spirit. There was no South and no North and no East and no West about it. It was voiced at once in the crashing notes of the first selection by the band and of the song that rang through the steel rafters of the vast structure—"America is ready, that's all." And the spirit of it never left the Convention.

A man of another party, I nevertheless value highly the reflections and the experience of these days at St. Louis. I shall go on in the proper place and in my own way as a citizen to criticise the methods and the fitness or lack of fitness to rule, to guide, and to inspire possessed and exercised by the Democratic party; but I shall never doubt that Democratic patriotism, South and North, is as genuine as mine. I have said before in *The Outlook*, and I repeat it now, that one great triumph of the Wilson Administration is its breaking up in the South of the deeps of National feeling and National conviction. The South still has antagonistic prejudices and doctrines to overcome, but, to an extent not equaled in that section since the Civil War and for many years before, the South is for America. And in the Convention at St. Louis the Democrat from Kentucky or from Alabama was as devoted in his Americanism, as he understood it, as the Democrat from Massachusetts or New York.

A word about the personnel of the delegates. That was one of the surprises of the Convention. Over at Baltimore four years ago there was a mixture of men who were there, like some of the big financiers in the New York delegation, to watch and work hopefully for a candidate and a platform best suited to the needs of their own particular interests; together with a crude and coarse element of political henchmen, intermingled with plain, contented patriotic citizens as well as other groups of the discontented and the unprosperous. At St. Louis this year the whole Convention was of an excellent and uniform sort. The thousand men before you gave the impression of prosperity and equality. There was no clearly marked, even if entirely patriotic, wealth group, such as was in evidence at the Progressive or at the Republican Convention. Newport and New York society found the Blackstone in Chicago highly congenial during Convention

week, but they would have been jostled unpleasantly in the Jefferson at St. Louis. There were prosperous office-holders in this Democratic gathering, but they were not in the majority, by any means. Places had been made for hundreds of respectable and able Democratic citizens from all over the Nation. And, for the most part, they were all there for the Democratic party and for the country, and not for any particular interest and not for any particular section.

The Tammany delegation from New York is worthy of a friendly and a kindly word. The sort of delegates who have often discredited it in the past, the coarse rough-neck and the clever corporation representative, were well weeded out and were conspicuous by their absence. The Tammany men were good-looking, straightforward Democrats and American citizens, and they behaved like men who at bottom loved their country. Whatever their irritation or resentment may have been when they arrived at St. Louis because of what they regarded as the President's unkind treatment of them in the matter of patronage, they forgot it all in the enthusiasm of their Democracy and their Americanism. And therein is disclosed the human trait of Tammany. I saw it first in the State Senate at Albany. The milk of human kindness flows a good deal nearer the surface in the average Tammany man than in any temperamental, college-bred Bourbon that you ever looked at. Tammany behaved ill at Baltimore. Tammany behaved well at St. Louis. If I am not mistaken, the spirit of the times is at work in that organization. Tammany has learned. The Bourbon never learns and never forgets. The hatreds of a Bourbon become his obsessions. It was worth while to go to St. Louis to see Charles F. Murphy and the men who were with him rise to the spirit of party service and patriotic inspiration and the leadership of the human idea which was evident in that Convention.

And this brings me to the heart of the whole proceeding. It was the speech of ex-Governor Glynn, the temporary chairman. Senator Ollie James followed it, as permanent chairman, with a masterly address, but this only accentuated what Mr. Glynn said. There is no doubt about what is going to be the issue of the campaign in the mind of anybody who heard that speech or witnessed the response to it. It fearlessly recited the record of the Wilson Administration. It was strong for a sound military preparation. Like Gov-

ernor Bradford, of Massachusetts, if anybody sends us the skin of a rattlesnake, we are to be ready to send it back stuffed with powder and bullets. But these were not the parts which enthralled and captured the great throng. Mr. Glynn had been reciting how the Wilson policy of negotiation had availed in international relations, and how, as he alleged, it was in line with the spirit and the acts of our great Presidents from Washington down to Lincoln. As he took up illustration after illustration, the throng became tense and eager and exultant. Each time that the orator would finish the statement of the facts in a particular case, perhaps in Washington's time or Lincoln's time, up from the throats of the more overwrought of his ten thousand hearers would come the shout, "What did he do? What did he do?" "He didn't go to war," answered Mr. Glynn at each interruption; "he settled it by negotiation, just as the President of the United States has done and is trying to do to-day." And then came the glad climax of exaltation. "This policy," Mr. Glynn continued, "may not satisfy those who revel in destruction and find pleasure in despair. It may not satisfy the fire-eater or the swashbuckler. But it does satisfy those who worship at the altar of the God of Peace. It does satisfy the mothers of the land, at whose hearth and fireside no jingoistic warfare has placed the empty chair. It does satisfy the daughters of the land, from whom brag and bluster have sent no loving brother to the dissolution of the grave. It does satisfy the fathers of the land and the sons of the land, who will fight for the flag and die for the flag when reason primes the rifle, when honor draws the sword, when justice breathes a blessing on the standards they uphold."

For many minutes he could not go on. It was the note from the American fireside, the issue of home and love and happiness and yearning humanity against the measureless brutality and carnage of the present world. All at once, in the midst of the emotional upheaval, there came from that vast throng a weird cry up from the very depths of the human soul: "Say it again, say it again!" And in response the orator repeated the passage. Once more the long emotional upheaval, and once more the cry: "Say it again, say it again!" And again the orator repeated the words.

It was one of the most notable events that ever happened in a political convention in

the United States—not because of the emotion, not because of the eloquence, but because the response seemed to be from out of the very depths of the aspiration of human souls. And when the unwieldy frame, but powerful personality, of Senator Ollie James, of Kentucky, held sway over them, the great response was not to the eloquence but to the single dominant idea which the throng itself selected from among the many which James and Glynn discussed before them. When James, of Kentucky, arose to speak on the day after Glynn, the storm of exaltation had altogether passed, and the orator was greeted gayly to the strain of "The Sun Shines Bright in My Old Kentucky Home." The prayer of the archbishop had just ceased as he invoked the Divine Father to drive from our hearts the blood-lust and barbarism of the jungle. But there was as yet no sign that the demonstration of the day before would once more recur. James went on in his own ponderous and powerful way to frame the "*ishuh*." The Administration, said he, has proclaimed two amendments, one taxing the wealth of the country and making it bear its just share of the burden, the other liberating the United States Senate from the control of vested interests. It has, said he, driven the lobby out of the Capitol at Washington, and turned the American people in. It has overturned the iniquitous Payne-Aldrich Bill, against which, he said, the Bull Moose cast four million votes, when the stand-patters could only muster something over three millions in the entire Nation. The dinner-pail is full and full to overflowing. "'At a boy!" shouted a fervent Democratic disciple. And the Federal Reserve Act—the great Republican leaders in Congress, said James, declared that it was an invitation to the mightiest panic that ever swept across a great Republic. What is the fact? said the orator. In 1907 four men on Manhattan Island, under the Republican system, precipitated a panic. Under the Democratic system a world war cannot precipitate a panic. And, finally, he came to Wilson. "He acts, he doesn't rant; he builds, he doesn't bluster." Once he was a professor in a college at Princeton. Now he is a world teacher. His class is made up of kings, kaisers, princes, and potentates. And then the Wilson method of negotiation and patience in the midst of the German crisis. "Without orphaning a single American child, without widowing a single American mother, without firing a single gun

or shedding a drop of blood, Woodrow Wilson wrung from the most militant spirit that ever brooded over a battlefield a recognition of American rights and a concession to American demands." And once more the tremendous response. Once more the cry of the previous day: "Say it again, say it again!" And James said it again. And while everybody was on his feet in the midst of the great upheaval, I saw James smile sweetly and wave his hand at Bryan on the press platform.

It began to dawn on the vast throng that, in spite of the shortcomings and blunderings which, for the time being, have sterilized his influence in Democratic councils, it was really the spirit of Bryan which had laid the emphasis and interpreted the issue for the Democratic party. Bryan's qualities are those of the seer and evangelist and not of the statesman. For the time being at least, he has lost all control over National Democratic politics. And he appears to have lost permanent standing with the Democratic party of his own State. The causes for this in Nebraska are plain. The Populist party, organized in 1890, was the real Bryan party in Nebraska. The original Democratic party in Nebraska was a liquor and corporation party. Early in his career Bryan carried the Populist party of his State over into the Democratic camp. Thus for a time he made a majority. Old-line Democrats got into office, and in the presence of the spoils the liquor and conservative Democrats burned incense to Bryan. But in 1908 Bryan started out to fight the "liquor power," as he had previously fought the "money power." He bolted the Democratic State ticket in 1910 when Mayor Dahlen, of Omaha, an out-and-out liquor candidate, was named for Governor. He openly advocated prohibition and woman suffrage. The Democratic coalition between liquor and Populism broke into pieces, and Bryan lost control, probably permanently, of his State. The task of making a "dry," woman suffrage party out of the Democracy of Nebraska within his lifetime is probably too great. And so he has lost home rootage in his political organization.

Of course, also, his whole party has come to look upon the resignation from Wilson's Cabinet at a critical time as unnecessary and short-sighted, even from his own standpoint of pushing the issue of peace. When he arrived in St. Louis a day or two before the Convention began, very little open homage was paid to him, although the footway to his

suite in the Jefferson was trodden secretly and tenderly by many a devoted adherent of other years.

The speeches of Glynn and James and the sounding of the keynote of peace brought Bryan back into the hearts of the Convention. No sooner had James finished than the call for Bryan rang across the convention hall from hundreds of throats and would not be stayed until the chairman announced that Mr. Bryan had gone out to speak at a noon meeting of the City Club of St. Louis, and that there would be full opportunity to hear him before the day was done. The whole Convention seemed glad, although there were doubters who privately expressed the view that the re-entrance of Bryan into the discussions of Democracy would do nothing but harm in those States where, above all, Democracy needs help. But this made no difference to the Convention, which in the keynote issue was following the promptings of its heart and not of its head.

At the night session Bryan came back. His speech was imbued with religion, with the spirit and purpose and a little of the phraseology of his address on "The Prince of Peace." And the Convention again rose to it with the echo of the race-old and age-long cry for rest and peace and happiness and home and love. There was this difference in the case of Bryan. With Glynn and James the great throng spontaneously selected the idea and rose in exaltation to it. When Bryan proclaimed the idea, the Convention rang with shouts of his name—"Bryan! Bryan! Bryan!" Here is the man, said they, who incarnates the issue.

This was the real climax of the Convention. Senator Jim Ham Lewis, of Illinois, and Senator Reed, of Missouri, afterward added strength, but not quality, to the key that had been sounded by the trio of orators, Glynn, James, and Bryan. Nothing else counted for much until near the end, and I will describe that in a moment. The speech of Wescott, of New Jersey, nominating Wilson, fell dead upon the field. It was in a legal and academic form, not in the style of the home folks. The Convention was restless. Then they broke out into shouts—"Cut it down," "Name him," and when Wescott at last referred to Wilson as the peacemaker of the world—"That is a good place to tell who you are for," rang through the humid air. They had nothing against Wilson. They were for him strongly. But

it was a Convention dominated overwhelmingly by an idea and not a man.

And therein lies its menace—in its emphasis. From the Democratic Administration, as well as from the Democratic Convention, we have heard much about peace—not yet very much about duty. Peace or duty? Is not the issue now plain before the American people? The determined and efficient moral enthusiasm of '76 and '61 must be invoked against the deep but sentimental and dangerous spirit of peace at almost any cost. And it is only by invoking once more this profound and patriotic sense of National duty—to our own citizens everywhere, to our weaker neighbors, to the world—that the Republicans will have either an issue or the victory.

It was not all tenseness at the Democratic gathering. There was a lighter side. You should have heard the donkey in the alley bray loudly through the open window again and again in the very midst of the Glynn peroration. Whether it was the woman suffrage donkey that had appeared in the preliminary parade or whether it was a genuinely Democratic donkey illustrating the inherent fallacy in the argument of the speaker, I really could not say! There was also another awful moment. Out of deference to the solidly Democratic South, the tune of "Marching Through Georgia" is not yet regarded as courteous or tactful in a Democratic National Convention. When the band started suddenly to play it at one of the high points of fervor, the temperature fell below zero in a quarter of a second. It froze the band, who stopped in the middle of a bar and left the tune in midair. The delegates were loyal party devotees. There was nothing else there. "I never scratched the Democratic ticket in my life, and I never will. I want to go to heaven," I heard one delegate say to another, and he probably voiced the universal habit, if not the universal yearning, of the Convention.

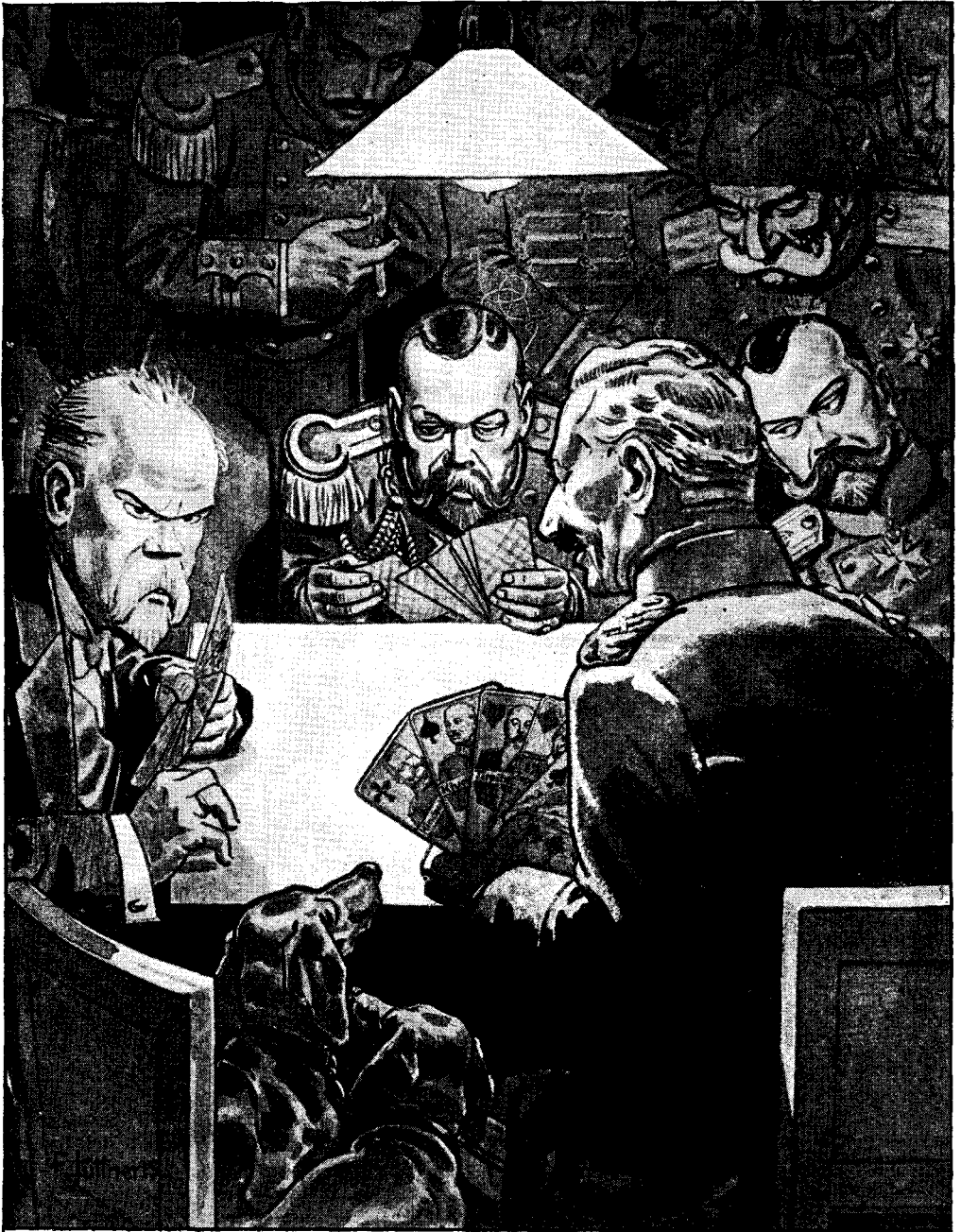
I have spoken of the great high point of the Convention. At the end there was one lesser but extremely significant climax. It came during the reading of the platform. *Mirabile dictu*. Senator Hollis, of New Hampshire, read the second part upon social justice. And the Convention rose to that with eagerness and emotion. A living wage—applause and cheers. An eight-hour day and one day's rest in seven—"Read it again!"—and Hollis had to read it again. Easing up on the labor of women and

mothers—a fine response. Philippine independence—very little interest. The recital of diplomatic victories—some emotion. The heavy hand of the National Government to be laid against child labor—a tumult of cheers. And they came from the South as genuinely as from the North. Finally, the woman suffrage resolution and the confirmation of all the planks, and then adjournment. And out of the Coliseum they poured for the last time, with the band playing and the Convention singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." It was a combination of spontaneity and strategy, but taken in connection with the legislative achievements of the last four years in Washington and the several States it invites a final reflection.

There is one dynamic American personality whose influence—directly or indirectly—permeated all three conventions this year, as in 1912. In 1912 the battle of Roosevelt at Chicago opened the way for the Bryan attack at Baltimore, and made Wilson first the nominee of necessity and then the President at Washington. In 1916 the deep-seated hostility of the Republican delegates toward Roosevelt could find no channel of expression which would at once fulfill the demands of resentment and patriotism, except in the adoption of the Roosevelt ideas and the nomination of the man who, among all the party Republicans, can best organize and lead to victory what was essential in those ideas. And back in the mind of the Democratic delegates at St. Louis, as they whole-heartedly flung themselves out into the fight for social justice, was the very practical conviction that the road to success at the polls lies in the appeal to the great independent Progressive four millions who in 1912 threw off the weight of mere political tradition and subterranean political tyranny and have this year forced the unwilling board of control of both parties into the normal course of National liberalism. The long-evident break-up of the Progressive political machinery is no injury to the Nation or to the cause of political freedom. For purposes of practical administration and resolute political advance this is a two-party country, and third-party movements are justified only when nothing else will avail to open the eyes of unwise party leaders. Unwilling eyes have been forced open. That is the story of the great National conventions so recently adjourned. It is Bourbonism which has lost the fight in America.

St. Louis, June 17, 1916.

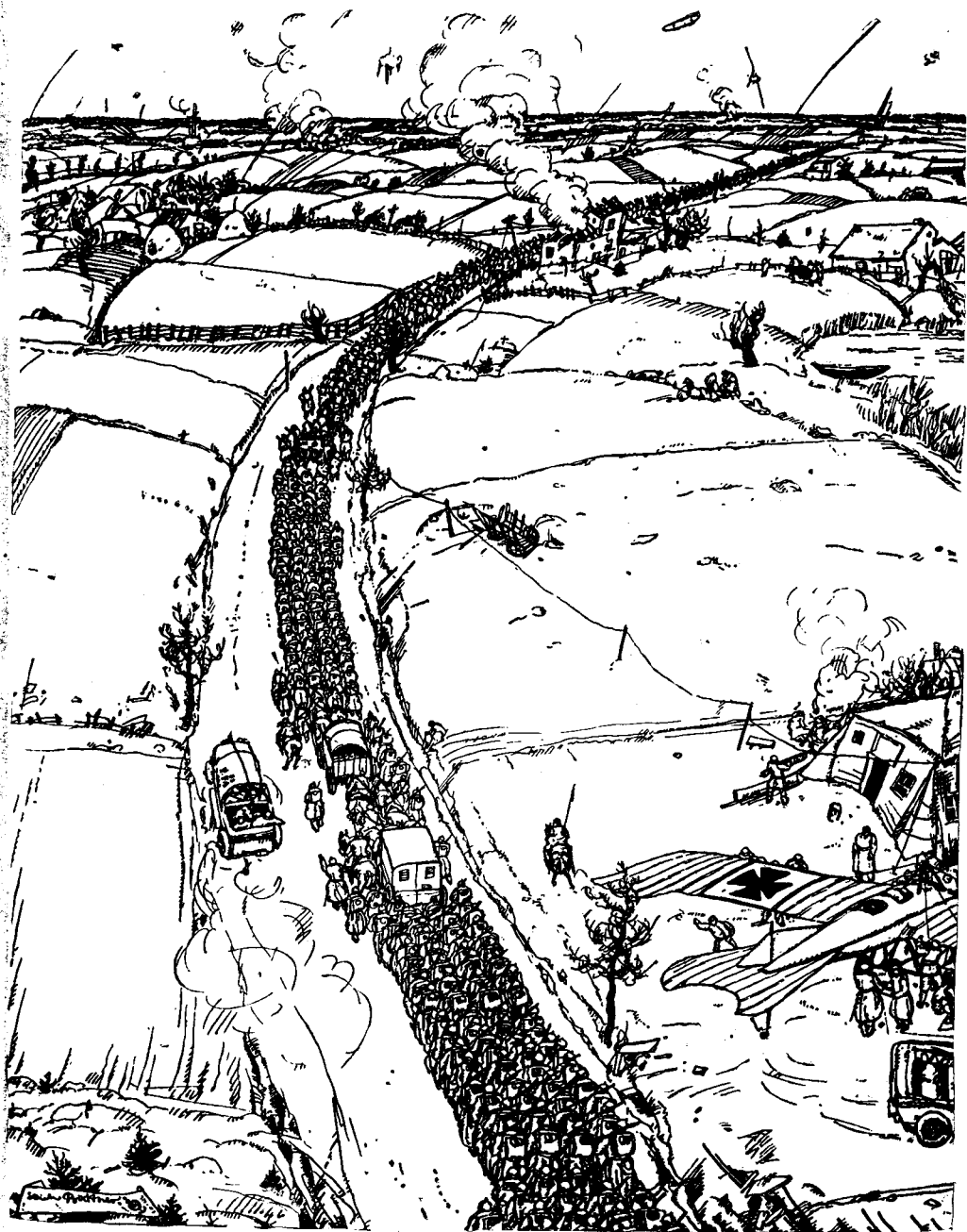
Some Notable German Cartoons on the War



BY F. JETTMER

PLAYING THE WAR GAME—THE KAISER HOLDS THE WINNING HAND

These pictures, which are now for the first time published in America, are part of a collection made by Mrs. Fiske Warren, of Boston. They have appeared in Germany and are striking examples of the sentiment and style of German cartoonists in their seriousness, their grasp, their vigorous technique, and their somewhat grim humor



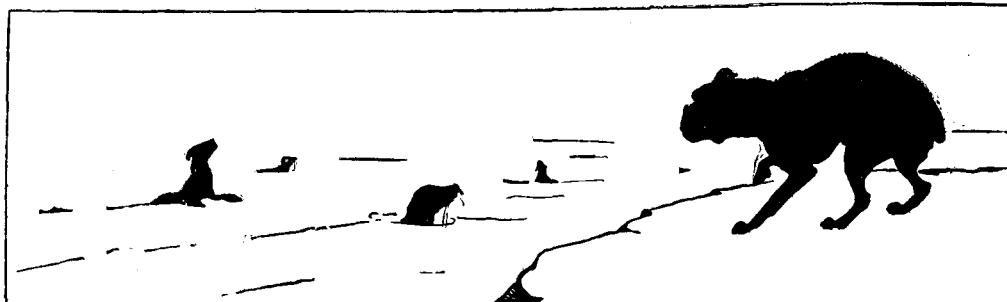
BY ERICH BÜTTNER
THE ARMY WORM.



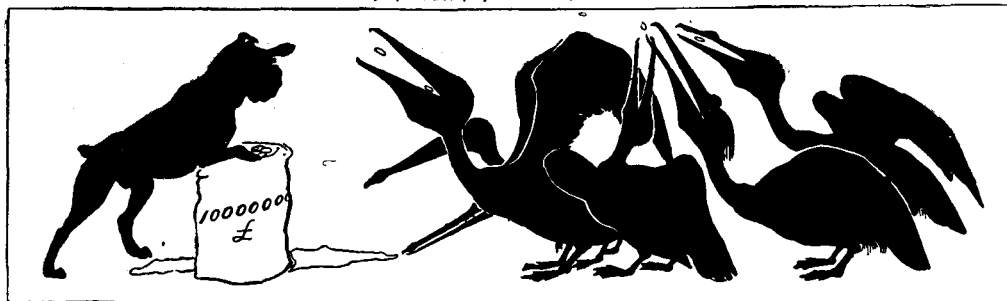
Erich Thum

BY ERICH THUM

BEHIND THE ARMY—THE SILENT STREETS



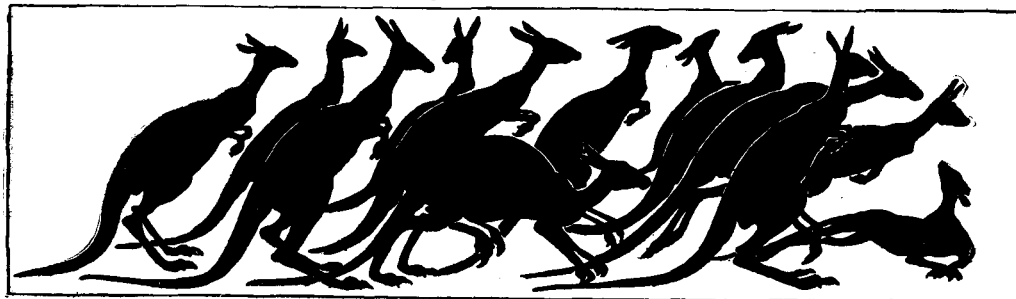
John Bull findet Unterseeboote.



Geldauszahlung.



Kongress der Verbündeten.



Stüchtige Stiefweiber.

JOHN BULL AND THE WAR—SILHOUETTES BY EICKE

From above reading down . John Bull Discovers the Submarines—John Bull Throwing Money to the Allies—The Allies' Council of War—The Fleeing Australian Auxiliaries

MURDER BY ADAT

BY GEORGE KENNAN

This is the second of two stories about Akhmet Avarski, narrating Mr. Kennan's adventures and talks with Akhmet in Eastern Caucasia. The first appeared in *The Outlook* for May 24.—
THE EDITORS.

"Kill, and thou shalt be killed, and he shall be killed who killeth thee."—*Spanish Proverb.*

WHEN Captain Cherkassof told me in Khorochoi that the state of society in Daghestan was that of the tenth century, I took his statement with some grains of allowance. "No doubt," I said to myself, "the people of the eastern Caucasus are uncivilized; but they can hardly be nine hundred years behind the age in which they live." My skepticism was shaken a little by the stories that Akhmet told me of his early life, but I did not become fully convinced that the Daghestan mountaineers were still in the mediæval stage of social development until I encountered the armed man in the burial shroud and had an opportunity to see the spirit of the tenth century in action.

Three or four days after Akhmet and I crossed the divide of the Andiski Khrebet, we stopped for the night in the *aoul* of Inkheli, the most extraordinary mountain village that I had yet seen. It was situated on a high, steep bluff overlooking the gorge of the Andiski Koisu, and seemed, as we climbed toward it from the bed of the stream, to consist of a mass of broken-stone dwellings which had been built solidly together, and which extended up the sloping mountain-side for a distance of two or three hundred yards. The terraces, made one above another by the successive tiers of flat roofs, were connected here and there by ladders, as in a New Mexican pueblo; but there were no streets or passages between the houses, and the only way, it seemed to me, that a man could enter his own dwelling was by climbing ladders, crossing roofs, and descending into his attic through a scuttle. I soon discovered, however, that this great communal beehive might be entered from below as well as from above. Half-way up the mountain-side, on the edge of the settlement, Akhmet rode into the mouth of a dark, narrow tunnel, and conducted me into a labyrinth of subterranean passages whose sides were the foundation walls of the superimposed buildings. Opening off from these passages, here and there, were black caverns, which were used, Akhmet said, as stables,

and at intervals of ten or fifteen yards we passed ladders, or flights of narrow steps, which gave access to the houses above.

"How did people ever come to build a village with underground streets?" I inquired of Akhmet, as we rode through these filthy and noisome corridors.

"There wasn't much room," he explained, "between the precipice behind and the river in front, and they wanted all of it for houses."

"But why put a village in a place where there wasn't room enough for streets?"

"Because it was an easy place to defend," he replied. "Before the Russians came we were all the time fighting among ourselves, one clan against another, and it wasn't safe to build on low, open ground. We had our farms and pastures there, but we brought our horses and cattle into the village every night, and, as you may have noticed, we still stack our hay on the roofs of our houses."

I had noticed it, but did not know the reason for it.

"This village is built in a solid mass," he continued, "and the streets are underground; but it would be a hard place to storm in a fight. A thousand men couldn't take it in a month."

About an eighth of a mile from the entrance to these village catacombs, with whose windings Akhmet seemed to be perfectly familiar, we dismounted, turned our horses into a cave-like stable, and climbed a dirty ladder into the house of a mountaineer whom my guide and interpreter knew. The guest chamber, to which we were at once conducted, was a fairly spacious room, with floor, walls, and ceiling of beaten clay mixed with chopped straw. Its windows were small unglazed port-holes,¹ which overlooked the flat roof of the next house below, and there was a door which opened upon the roof of another dwelling, so that the room might be entered either by climbing a ladder from the underground street or by crossing an

¹ The Daghestan mountaineers, at the time of my visit, had no glass, and used no substitute for glass. In pleasant weather their small square windows were left open, and when it stormed they were closed with tight plank shutters. Their rooms were warmed by open fireplaces in which, owing to the scarcity of wood, they burned cakes of dried cow-dung.

acre or more of flat village house-tops. The guest chamber contained no furniture except a broad, low, rug-covered divan; but in one corner there was a rectangular pile of bedding over which had been thrown a square of homespun woolen cloth. A silver-mounted flintlock pistol and a nearly straight saber hung on a peg driven into one of the wooden posts that supported the ceiling, and nailed against the back of the door that communicated with the other part of the house I noticed what seemed to be the bones and dry shriveled remains of a man's severed hand—doubtless the ghastly trophy of some battle or blood feud.

As soon as it became noised about the village that Akhmet Avarski had arrived, with an unknown traveler from a strange land across a mighty ocean of which nobody had ever heard, our room rapidly filled with armed men in Caucasian dress, who came to press thumbs with Akhmet¹ and to stare at me. They were all Avars, of the north European type, and if they had been divested of their weapons and clothed in civilized dress they might have been taken in Berlin or St. Petersburg for Scandinavians or Great Russians from the province of Novgorod. Nothing would have distinguished them from north Europeans except, perhaps, their fierce, hawklike eyes and the piercing intensity of their gaze. They all talked loudly, and discussed freely with Akhmet my appearance and my dress; but they did not laugh at me nor permit themselves to be in any way discourteous or offensive.

Suddenly, while I was watching and appraising them with an interest at least equal to their own, the loud talking ceased, and all eyes were turned toward the open door, where stood a tall, stern-faced man, wrapped from head to foot in a white cotton sheet. He seemed to be looking for some one, and presently, discovering the man of whom he was in search, he stepped into the room and began to talk in a vehement and excited way to a mountaineer who happened to be standing near the divan on which Akhmet and I sat. Everybody crowded toward us, as if the matter involved was one of great interest, and after three or four minutes of hot debate between the principals the man who had been standing near us went out.

"What has happened?" I asked Akhmet.

¹ The Eastern Caucasian mountaineers never *shake* hands. When two men greet each other, they merely clasp hands, with upstanding thumbs pressed closely together. There is no up-and-down motion of hands and arms.

"Who is this man in a white sheet and what is he wearing it?"

"I'll tell you in a minute," he replied. "This man is after a horse, and he's got a burial shroud. The other one will come back soon, and then you'll see."

Why a man in search of a horse should wear a burial shroud I could not possibly imagine; but the grave-clothes suggested murder or sudden death, and the matter was evidently serious.

In five or ten minutes the mountaineer who had been standing near us returned, bringing in his hand a small bag of Russian silver money. He counted out forty rubles, handed them to the other principal, and took in return the burial shroud and a small silver coin known in the eastern Caucasus as an *abaz*. Then, wrapping himself in the shroud, he bowed formally to the man from whom he had received it, and again left the room.

"For heaven's sake," I said to Akhmet, "tell me what it all means! Who are these two men? Why does one buy a burial shroud from the other, and what has a horse got to do with it?"

Akhmet's explanation was more or less fragmentary and disconnected, owing to the fact that while talking to me in Russian he was exchanging comments on the transaction in another language with half a dozen of the excited bystanders; but from what he said I gathered that six months before this time a certain man—neither of the two principals whom we had seen—had lost a horse. He did not know certainly whether it had been stolen or had merely strayed; but some weeks later he heard that the animal had been seen in the possession of a mountaineer who lived twenty-five or thirty miles away in another part of the Avar territory. He girded on all his weapons, wrapped himself in a burial shroud, provided himself with a small silver coin to be used in paying a *mullah* for reading prayers over a grave, and went in search of his lost property. The shroud and silver coin were significant of his determination to recover the horse, even at the risk of death. If the unlawful possessor made peaceable surrender, well and good; if not, he would fight for it; and he showed that he had considered all possible consequences by coming in a burial shroud and bringing with him money to pay the expenses of a funeral. It was a horse or a grave for one man or the other.

In this particular case it appeared that the

possessor of the horse had neither found it nor stolen it, but had innocently bought it, in good faith, from another man. He therefore gave it up peaceably to the owner, and, taking in return the white sheet and the prayer-money, he girded on his weapons, wrapped himself in the shroud, and went in search of the mountaineer who had sold the animal to him. He wanted a return of the purchase money, and he, too, was prepared to fight, die, and be buried if such should be his fate. In this way the shroud and the silver coin had passed through the hands of two or three different men before we saw them, and were still on their way back to the man who had originally found the horse or stolen it. He would have to refund the money that he had received for the animal when he sold it, and then, if he had not been guilty of theft, the whole matter would be dropped, the shroud and the silver coin remaining in the hands of the last man.

"What an extraordinary custom!" I said to Akhmet when all the mountaineers had gone and we were left alone. "When did it begin and who started it?"

He shrugged his shoulders and merely said, "It's a very old *adat*."

"But would the two men that we saw tonight actually have fought if the money had not been refunded?"

"Of course!" he replied, as if surprised that I should ask so foolish a question. "One of them would have killed the other. They would not have fought in the house—in our Daghestan you can't kill a man in a house—but the man in the shroud would have waited outside."

"Then what would have happened to the survivor?" I asked. "Would anything have been done to him?"

"Who can tell what would have happened?" replied Akhmet. "The man left alive would become the blood enemy of the other one's eldest brother and would have to go into *kanle*. Then he might be killed or might not. Who knows?"

"Is one man allowed to kill another in that way without any punishment?" I asked. "In my country the killer would be hanged up by the neck until he was dead."

Akhmet laughed, as if the hanging of a man by the neck merely because he had killed another seemed to him funny. "In our Daghestan," he said, "to kill a man is all the same as to kill a chicken."

It was long that night before I could get

to sleep. The strangeness of my environment, the wailing cry of the village muezzin calling the faithful to late evening prayers, the consciousness of the severed human hand nailed against the back of my door, and the remembrance of the man in the burial shroud, whose dramatic entrance had suggested a mediæval "vision of sudden death," all united to give me a realizing sense of tenth-century conditions and a vague feeling of personal insecurity. It was even a sort of comfort, in the lonely hours of the night, to recall the assurance of the homicide who slept beside me that "in our Daghestan you can't kill a man in a house."

In the eastern Caucasus at that time murder for the sake of robbery was not common, and was little to be feared; but in the wilder parts of the country the danger of provoking assault by giving offense inadvertently was one to which the inexperienced traveler was always more or less exposed. Individual conduct and social intercourse were regulated only by *adat*—a very ancient and variable code of customary law; and the mountaineers, who all carried deadly weapons, had not only a keen sense of personal dignity, but a sort of fierce, sensitive pride, which impelled them to resent instantly anything that had even the appearance of an insult. Careful as I was to avoid words or behavior that might be misconstrued or taken amiss, I got into difficulties twice, once with a mountaineer in whose house we spent a night soon after we entered Daghestan, and again with Akhmet.

The misunderstanding with our host, in the first case, was the result of my offering him money. He had given Akhmet and me shelter overnight and had taken care of our three horses, and it seemed to me that it would be rather shabby to go on our way without paying for our food and lodging. Just before we started, therefore, in the morning, I offered him two rubles. He barely glanced at the money, and then, putting his hand quickly to the hilt of his long, double-edged *kinjal*, he gave me the most searching, penetrating, and at the same time menacing look that I had ever encountered. He evidently thought that I meant to insult him. I saw instantly that I had blundered, and I have no doubt that my face looked like that of a reprimanded school-boy as I hastily put the two-ruble note in my pocket. Just at that moment, to my great relief, Akhmet came up, and the mountaineer, turning to him, said

with stern dignity, in which there was still an undertone of menace: "Tell your foreign traveler that we mountaineers don't sell our hospitality." Akhmet, with quick wit, explained that I had no thought of offering money to him—still less of insulting him. My intention was to have the two rubles given to the servant who had cooked the food. The mountaineer was appeased, but there was still a flush of anger in his face as he withdrew his hand from his *kinjal*.

"It isn't safe to do that," said Akhmet to me as we rode away from the village. "In our Daghestan you can't offer money to a man in whose house you have been a guest. It is a deadly insult."

The misunderstanding with Akhmet grew out of what seemed to me to be a perfectly innocent and natural remark, and I am still unable to explain the irritation that it caused. From the top of a high mountain ridge he was pointing out to me one afternoon the bridle-path that we were to follow the next day. From the depths of a valley at our feet it ran in a long series of zigzags up the side of a tremendous spur of the main range, which, from our point of view, was so deceptively foreshortened that it seemed to be absolutely perpendicular. Finally, at a height of six or seven thousand feet, the whitish, snake-like path disappeared in the clouds.

"That looks to me like a very dangerous road," I said.

Akhmet turned on me instantly, grasping the hilt of his *kinjal*, and his henna-red beard seemed to bristle and his eyes to flash blue lightning as he demanded: "What do you mean by saying that I am planning to take you over a dangerous road?"

"I don't mean anything," I replied in dismay. "Of course you wouldn't go over it if it weren't safe. I merely thought that it looks very steep." He continued to stare at me with a menacing look for at least half a minute. Then, turning away, he said: "I never take a man over a dangerous road. I could ride down that one blindfolded and in the night."

This was the only misunderstanding with Akhmet that I ever had, and why he resented so fiercely my innocent remark I don't know. I had thought more than once that it would be safe and easy to push a man off one of those high cornice paths and then rob his dead body; but Akhmet could hardly have been a mind-reader, and at that particular time I was not even thinking of such a

possibility. Why he behaved like a mortally insulted I don't know. Possibly in his stormy past there had been some intimate connection between dangerous roads and homicide.

For several days after this misunderstanding I did not venture to ask Akhmet any questions about his fights and feuds; but a high, lonely *aoul* near the precipice Gimry, where we happened one day to storm-bound and where we had little to do but talk, he voluntarily brought the subject up himself by asking whether, in my country, a man who had killed another could make peace with his blood-seekers. I replied that in most cases a man who killed another in my country was hanged or imprisoned for life by order of society; but that in some of our mountains where blood feuds were carried on I thought they were fought out to finish.

"In our Daghestan," he said, "you can almost always make peace after a while by paying an indemnity. But sometimes you can't. Once, in an *aoul* south of Gumi where I was hard pressed by my blood enemies, I had to take refuge in the house of a man whom I hardly knew, and I lived there night and day for three months."

"Do you mean without going out?"

"Yes. Four men with rifles watched the house constantly. How could I go out? I tried to make peace with them, and even offered them four horses, a dozen sheep, and six rolls of woollen cloth; but they wouldn't listen."

"Was the owner of the house willing to keep you all that time?"

"He had to—that's the *adat*. In our Daghestan you can't turn a man out of his house when his blood-seekers are there watching for him. But when winter came on they went back to their homes. They lived more than sixty miles away, and they couldn't lie in wait for me forever."

"It was there that I got married," continued Akhmet, after a moment's reflection. "Living in the house night and day, I fell in love with a daughter of the man who gave me refuge."

"Then it wasn't such a bad thing for you after all," I suggested.

"In one way, no," he replied. "But in another way it was. There was another man who wanted the girl, and the night that I was married he tried to spoil me."

"How spoil you?"

"He hid under one of the windows of the osque, and during the ceremony he tied lots in a cord and tried to work evil magic on me. I heard of it, and the next morn'g I saw him we fought. That's where I got this scar," pointing to his forehead. "He early split my head open with his *kinjal*; but I had a pistol in my left hand, and I shot him and stabbed him before he could strike again. Then I had to go into *kanle*, and that was a bad business. He belonged to a strong family, and his brothers hunted me like a wolf. I didn't see my wife again for nearly a year, and it was two years before we could make peace."

"What do you do when you want to make peace?" I asked. "Is there an *adat* for that?"

"Yes; but the *adat* is not the same in all parts of the country. There are different *adats*."

"Tell me, then, just what you did when you made peace with the men who hunted you like a wolf."

"Well, first I let my hair grow.¹ That was a year and a half after I killed the man who tried to spoil me, or perhaps more. When some of my friends went to my blood-seekers and said: 'Akhmet is letting his hair grow—it is more than two inches long ready.'"

"But what had your hair got to do with that?" I asked in amazement.

"When you let your hair grow long," he replied, "it means that you are sorry and want to end the feud. According to the *adat*, you must do that first. Then your relatives or friends open negotiations. Well, my friends talked and argued and bargained for long time—two or three weeks. My enemies were willing to make peace, but the terms were too hard. There were four of them, and the father and eldest brother of the man I killed would not forgive me unless I would agree to pay a large indemnity and to join their family."

"But I don't understand," I interrupted. "How could the father whose son you had killed want you to join his family?"

"I don't mean that they wanted me to live with them," explained Akhmet. "They only wanted me to take on my shoulders their blood feuds. I was known to be a good fighter, and they wanted me to help them kill off their enemies. But I didn't like to do

that because their enemies were not mine, and they had a lot of them."

"Tell me one thing more," I interrupted again. "Are your blood feuds between whole families or between individuals? If a member of your family were killed, who would take up the feud? And would the avenger have a right to kill any member of the other family?"

"According to our Avar *adat*," said Akhmet, "the oldest brother is the first avenger; but there may be more than one. In my case there were four, because in the fight that started it I began the attack. But my four blood-seekers wouldn't have had a right to kill any one but me. In some of the clans families fight families, but our *adat* doesn't allow the killing of a blood enemy's relatives. That would be as bad as killing a man in a house."

"All right," I said. "Now I understand. Go ahead."

"Well, the hasty pudding that stood overnight didn't learn to talk.¹ I was willing to pay an indemnity, but not to join the other family and take up its feuds. My friends did all they could for me, but my blood-seekers—may eagles drink their eyes!—gave me no peace; and after I had been shot at two or three times from ambush my wife persuaded me to yield."

Again a gloomy and savage expression darkened Akhmet's face as he recalled his humiliation, and for two or three minutes he stared silently into the embers of the cowdung fire.

"Well," I finally said, "what then? Did you make peace?"

"Yes," he said, with bitterness; "after an accursed ceremony of blood adoption, I made peace."

Again he relapsed into silence. He seemed disinclined to tell me any more, but by means of cautious and sympathetic questions I finally drew from him the following story:

After the arbitrators had settled the terms of peace, Akhmet had to return to the Lesghian village of Mukar, where his blood enemies as well as his wife's family lived, and there go through the ceremony of blood adoption. He was taken first to the house of the father whose son he had killed, and was there called upon to press his lips to the bare breast of his victim's old mother. This,

¹ The Daghestan mountaineers either shave their heads or keep their hair closely clipped.

¹ A Caucasian proverb meaning that the broken-off and renewed negotiations did not come to anything.

apparently, was intended to be in part a fictitious acquirement of kinship, and in part a sacred and solemn undertaking to assume the dead son's liabilities in the matter of offensive and defensive feuds. Akhmet had killed the son—he must therefore take the son's place. When, however, he was brought into the presence of the bereaved mother, she cursed him vindictively, and struggled so violently when compulsion was attempted that this part of the ceremony had to be abandoned.

"She fought like a she-wolf," said Akhmet, "and I was so shamed and humiliated that I was ready to cut my own throat."

On the following day the ceremony of making peace took place in front of the village mosque. At the appointed hour Akhmet removed his outer clothing, wrapped himself in a burial shroud, belted about his waist the long, double-edged *kinjal*, which was the only weapon he was allowed to carry, and went alone to the open space in front of the village mosque, where, assembled in a semicircle, were all the male members of the hostile family. Taking off his sheepskin hat, so as to show the long hair that signified repentance, he drew his *kinjal* from its sheath, took it by the point, and presented the hilt to the oldest brother of the man whom he had killed. Then, standing before them unarmed, bareheaded, and in a burial shroud, he bowed low, as an intimation that he gave himself up to the men whom he had injured and was ready to be killed and buried if such should be their will. For a fateful moment the killer and the relatives of the killed gazed at each other in silence. Then the oldest brother of the murdered man returned the *kinjal*, holding it in turn by the point, and with his other hand stroked gently Akhmet's long hair. From that moment the homicide was safe; but he had become an adopted member of another family and without forming any new ties of family affection he had acquired a new set of family feuds.

I asked Akhmet whether he did, as a mat-

ter of fact, assume the feudal liabilities of the family into which he had thus been forced, and whether he and his fictitious kindred ever became really reconciled; but he would talk no more about blood revenge that day. This particular episode in his turbulent life was apparently very bitter to him in retrospection, and I think he regretted being drawn on to admit that he had ever put on a burial shroud, surrendered his weapons, and made a plea for mercy.

In the two weeks that I spent with Akhmet I had abundant proof that Captain Cherkassoff was speaking within bounds when he said that the state of society in Daghestan was that of the tenth century. Not only did I see personally some of the tenth-century methods, but I heard in many places stories of purification, compurgation, the wager of law, the wager of battle, the ordeal, and other mediæval customs and ceremonies, which showed that in the wild, long-isolated mountains of the eastern Caucasus there still existed a stage of culture through which western Europe passed many centuries ago.

My association with Akhmet Avarski terminated upon our arrival at Timour-khan-shura, the headquarters of the Russian territorial administration. When we parted, he showed me a warmth of personal regard and respect which I had not anticipated and which took me by surprise. He did not kneel nor press his face to my hand, but he made a courteous pretense—a half suggestion—of doing both, and when we united our thumbs, in Daghestan fashion, he swore that if I would come back to the Caucasus the next year he would again act as my guide and would show me wilder mountains and stranger *aouls* than any I had yet seen. Fighter, marauder, blood-avenger, and tenth-century barbarian he undoubtedly was, but my experience with him showed that one can get along with, and to some extent understand, almost any kind of man if one deals with him on terms of equality and tries to look at things from his point of view.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH WOMEN AND THE WAR

BY HARRIOT STANTON BLATCH

The readers of *The Outlook* will remember an article by Mr. Richard Spillane on "Canadian Women and the War" (*The Outlook* for May 10 last). The present article supplements the one by Mr. Spillane by giving Mrs. Blatch's experiences and direct observation as to the activities of English and French women in the war, and the attitude of their respective Governments towards the women and their work. Mrs. Blatch, we need not say, is one of the most active and influential of American women in working for the advancement of women in the National life, and especially as an advocate of suffrage for women. She has been President of the National Woman's Political Union and has been prominent among the founders of the Woman's Party, which has been holding its first National Convention at Chicago simultaneously with the Republican and Progressive conventions.—THE EDITORS.

AS I dropped down New York Bay last summer, bound for Europe, my mind was busy with such questions as—Shall I find women pushed back into conditions of primitive toil? will they be crushed under the idea that physical force rules the world? shall I find that the ever-increasing preponderance of women is making men more and more reluctant to part with their advantages? Though I half expected firmative answers to all such questions, I genuinely wanted to see things exactly as they were.

The first Englishwoman I met upset my preconceived ideas. She was a well-set-up young woman acting as ticket-puncher at the railway station at Yarmouth, and was alert, efficient, helpful in giving information, and, above all, cheerful. There were two capable young women at the bookstall too. One had lost a brother at the front, the other her lover. I felt that they spoke of their loss as one item in the big national accounting. There was not a tear, not a quaver in the voice, and they were cheerful in "doing their bit." As I journeyed to London through Cornwall, Devonshire, Berkshire, I noticed that the highroads were cut up and unmended, the hedgerows untrimmed; but the cottages looked as neat as I had always known them, the little gardens as gay as ever with flowers.

made the mental note—women are still carefully tending their special vineyards. From the young women at the railway stations *en route*, just as at Yarmouth, I received the unexpected impression of a genuine spirit of content. There were tears in the eyes of mothers saying good-by to their soldier boys, but the women at work were full of joy.

Throughout my stay in England I searched

for, but could never find, the self-effacing spinster of former days. In her place was a capable woman, bright-eyed, happy even when bearing personal bereavement. She was occupied and hustled at her work. She jumps on and off of moving vehicles with the alertness, if not the unconsciousness, of the expert male. She never let me stand in omnibus or subway, but quickly gave me her seat, as indeed she insisted upon doing for elderly gentlemen as well. The British woman has found herself and her muscles. England is a world of women—women in uniforms; there is the army of nurses, and then the messengers, porters, elevator hands, tram conductors very conscious in badge and brass buttons, and the un-uniformed host of bank clerks, bookkeepers, shop attendants, in whom the sense of importance has not yet worn away. They each seem to challenge the humble stranger: "Superfluous? Not I, I'm a recruit for national service!" Even a woman doing time-honored womanly work moves with an air of distinction; she dusts a room for the good of her country. Just one glimpse was I given of the old-time daughter of Eve, when a ticket-collector at Reading said: "I can't punch your ticket. Don't you see I'm eating an apple?"

"This war is 'eaven—twenty-five shillings a week and no 'usband bothering about!" That is the remark "Punch" has a soldier's wife make in a cartoon. We have always credited "Punch" with knowing England. Certain it is that there is no discipline in the system of pensions for wives of soldiers. No work is required. The case of a girl I met in a country town is common. She was working in a factory earning eleven shillings a week. A day or two later I saw her, and she told me she had stopped work, as she



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WOMEN TRAM CONDUCTORS ON THE MUNICIPAL STREET RAILWAYS OF EDINBURGH

The corporation of Edinburgh, which is said to have been the first city to employ women as tram conductors, provides them with attractive uniforms, as shown in the picture. It is thought that these women may be retained in their places even after the war

had "married a soldier, and 'e's gone to France, and I get twelve and six 'separation allowance' a week." Never did the strange English name, "separation allowance," seem more appropriate for the wife's pension than in this girl's story. Little wonder was it that in the early months of the war there was riotous living among soldiers' wives! And the comments of women of influence on the drunkenness and waste of money on foolish finery were as striking to me as the sordid condition itself. For instance, the woman chairman of a Board of Poor Law Guardians in the north of England told me that when her fellow-members suggested that Parlia-

ment ought to appoint committees to disburse the separation allowances, she opposed them with the heroic philosophy that women can be trained in wisdom only by freedom to err, that a sense of responsibility had never been cultivated in them, and the country would have to bear the consequences. In reply to my timid inquiry as to how the Guardians received these theories, I learned that "they knew she was right and dropped their plan." That the position taken by the lady Guardian was representative seems to be borne out by the fact that every suggestion to limit woman's right to drink unless man's right is also curtailed

meets with instant protest from organizations of women.

The faith of leading women that experience would be the best teacher for the soldier's wife has perhaps been largely justified. The orgy of self-indulgence passed. A labor leader in the Midlands told me that an investigation by his trade union showed that only one hundred women in the ten thousand cases covered in September last were misspending their allowances. In October, when I was visiting a board school in a poor district of London, I remarked to the head teacher that the children looked well cared for. She told me that never had they been so well fed and clothed. There seemed no doubt in her mind that it was best to have the family budget in the hands of the mother. In the sordid surroundings, then, of the mean streets of great cities there are developing in women practical wisdom and a fine sense of individual responsibility.

Perhaps of greater significance than just how separation allowances are being spent is the fact that women are discovering that their work as housewives and mothers has a value recognized by governments in hard cash. It makes one speculate as to whether wives in the warring nations will step back without a murmur into the old-time dependence on one

man at the end of the conflict. These simple, average women may make their contribution towards the changed Europe which the prophets foretell!

Very soon after reaching England I discovered that more than one war had been going on. The most active center of this contest of which we hear so little was in industry, and the combatants were the British Government, trade unions, and women. The unions were doing battle because of fear of unskilled workers, especially when intelligent and easily trained; the Government, in sore need of munition hands, was bargaining with the unskilled for long hours and low pay. Finally, the Government and the unions reluctantly agreed that women must be employed; both wanted them to be skillful, but not too skillful, and, above all, to remain amenable. It has been made clear, too, that women enter their new positions "for the war only." At the end of hostilities—international hostilities—women are to hand over their work and wages to men and go home and be content. Will the programme be fulfilled?

The wishes of women themselves may play some part. How do they feel? Obviously, every day the war lasts they get wider experience of the sorrows and pleasures of



THE WOMEN'S RESERVE AMBULANCE CORPS, PHOTOGRAPHED AT THEIR GARAGE

independence. The soldier's wife has not only painfully learned how to spend the separation allowance, but has felt the joy of being the court of final appeal. Women are called the practical sex, and I certainly found them in England facing the fact that peace will mean an insufficient number of bread-winners to go around and that a maimed man has low earning power. The women I met were not dejected at the prospect; they showed, on the contrary, a spirit of elation in finding new opportunities of service. After I had sat and listened to speech after speech at the annual Conference of the Union of Women Workers, with delegates from all parts of the country, presided over by Mrs. Creighton, widow of the late Bishop of London, there was no doubt in my mind that Englishwomen desired to enter paid fields of work, and regarded as permanent the great increase in their employment. I noted, too, that the boundary-line in each speaker's mind between a desire to render national service and a longing to seize a feminist opportunity was quite faint and vague. No regrets, apologies, or hesitations were expressed in a single speech, and the solutions of the problems of the new situation all lay in the direction of equality of preparation and equality of pay with men. The strongest element in the women's trade unions speaks in the same sense. The great rise in the employment of women is not regarded as a "war measure," and all the suggestions made to meet the hardships of readjustment, such as "a minimum wage for all unskilled workers, men as well as women," are based on the idea of the new workers being permanent factors in the labor market. The same conclusion was reached in the interim report presented to the British Association on September 9, 1915, at Manchester, by the committee appointed a year ago to investigate the "Replacement of Male by Female Labor." The committee found itself in entire disagreement with the idea that the increased employment of women was a passing phase, and made recommendations such as improved technical training for girls as well as for boys, a minimum wage for unskilled men as well as women, equal pay for equal work, and abolition of "half-timers."

But while it had become obvious that the greatest asset of belligerent nations was the labor of women, while learned societies and organizations of women were laying down rules for their safe and permanent employment, the British Government showed marked

opposition to the new workers. Under pressure it included women in the registers made in March and again in August, 1915, showing the available labor force of the country, but it did not classify, and so could not make use of the information so far as it concerned women. If the Cabinet did not believe the war would be brief, it certainly acted as if Great Britain alone among the belligerents would have no shortage of male industrial hands. When Germany had five hundred thousand women in munition factories, England had fifty thousand; when Great Britain was on the eve of conscription, the women's lists of the August registry were still an unclassified mass; when England adopted conscription, a vast number of men were exempted from service to do work which women could have performed.

And everything that has been done to fit women into the industrial scheme has been carried through, not by the Government, but by private firms. The heads of factories I visited where the employment of women had been successful recognized that they were capable of a high degree of training, and that it would pay in the end to take off skilled men to teach the new hands. The desire of the women to learn made them ready pupils. In a week's time, I was told, their output was "good," and they soon became "adepts." So far as I could find, women had zest for the munition work and were performing miracles of endurance. The employees from the working class looked well, and are said to be gaining in strength. Not so much can be said for the "ladies," who, never having done a hard day's work in their lives, often break under the strain. Their part in the deadly work of shell-making seemed to me questionable; they will probably add nothing to the credit of their sex, and they may cut down the wages of sturdy working-class women, who, with the machinery especially adapted to their strength, are leading lives very far removed from the drudgery of primitive times.

In the war service of middle-class and aristocratic women, philanthropic endeavors form the major part. But even here the Government was so reluctant to co-operate that every achievement seemed amateurish as compared with the splendid feats of administrative ability displayed by the women of France. The work of Englishwomen is hedged in. They started immediately, for instance, to deal with the problem of the



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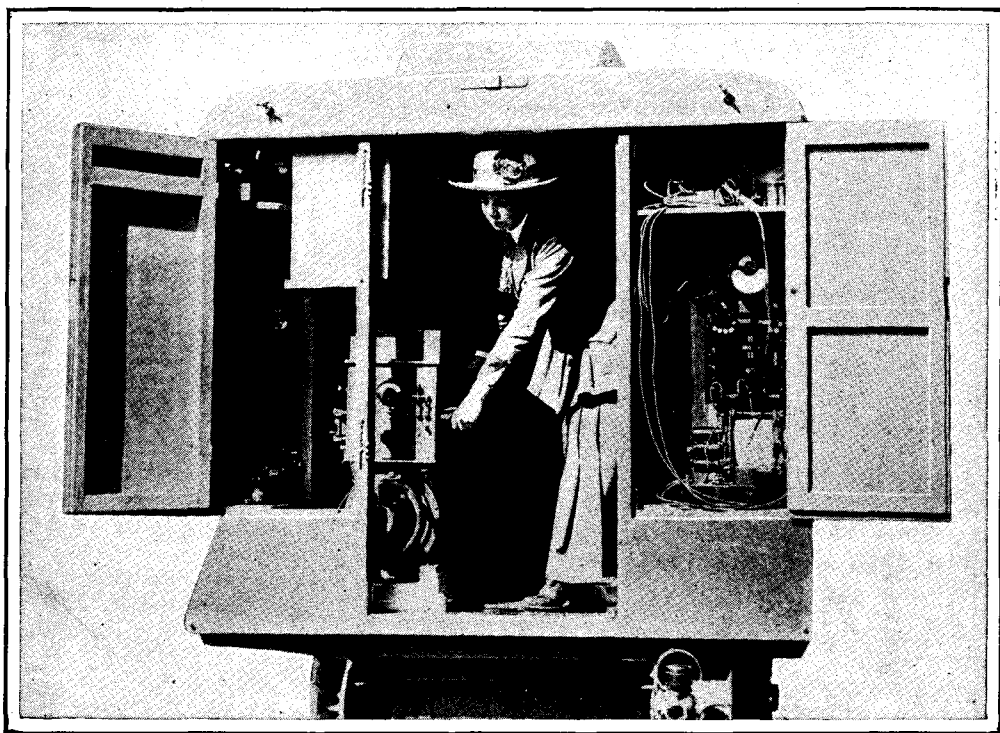
WOMEN MUNITION MAKERS IN FRANCE

Belgian refugees; the Government gave no aid, next checked the endeavor, and in the end took it over and did the work badly. The Government did not receive hospitably the efforts of the "Emergency Corps" to bring the woman and the job together, and rendered what might have been a splendid achievement abortive. But such antagonism met its Waterloo in its contest with medical women.

The service which they freely offered their country was at first sternly refused. Undaunted, they sought recognition outside the mother country. They knew their skill and they knew the soldiers' need. They turned to hospitable France, and received official recognition. On December 14, 1914, the first hospital at the front under British medical women was opened in Abbaye Royau-mont, near Creil. It is inspected by the French military authorities, and carries the official designation, "Hôpital Auxiliaire 301." The doctors, the nurses, the cooks, are all women. One of the capable chauffeurs I saw running the ambulance when I was in Creil. She was getting the wounded as they came down from the September drive. The French Government appreciated what these women were doing and urged them to give more help. At Troyes another unit opened a military hospital and gave the French army its first experience of nursing under canvas.

After France had been profiting by the skill of British women for months, Sir Alfred Keogh, head of the British Medical Staff, insisted that the War Office yield and place a hospital in the hands of women. The War Hospital in Endell Street, London, is now under Dr. Flora Murray, and every office, except that of gateman, is filled by women. From the doctors, who rank as honorary majors, wear khaki uniforms, and receive the pay attaching to their position, down to the cooks, who rank as non-commissioned officers, every one connected with Endell Street has military standing. It indicated the long, hard road these women had traveled to secure official recognition that the doctor who showed me over the hospital told me, as a matter for congratulation, that at night the police brought in drunken soldiers to be sobered. "Every war hospital must receive them," she explained, "and we are glad we are not passed over, for that gives a stamp to our official standing."

It was a beautiful autumn day when I visited Endell Street. The great court was full of convalescents, and the orderlies in khaki with veils floating back from their close-fitting toques were carefully and skillfully lifting the wounded from an ambulance. I spoke to one of the soldier boys about the absence of men doctors and orderlies, and his quick query was, "And what should we want men for?" It seems they always take that



AN ENGLISHWOMAN DEMONSTRATING THE USE OF AN X-RAY AMBULANCE IN FRANCE

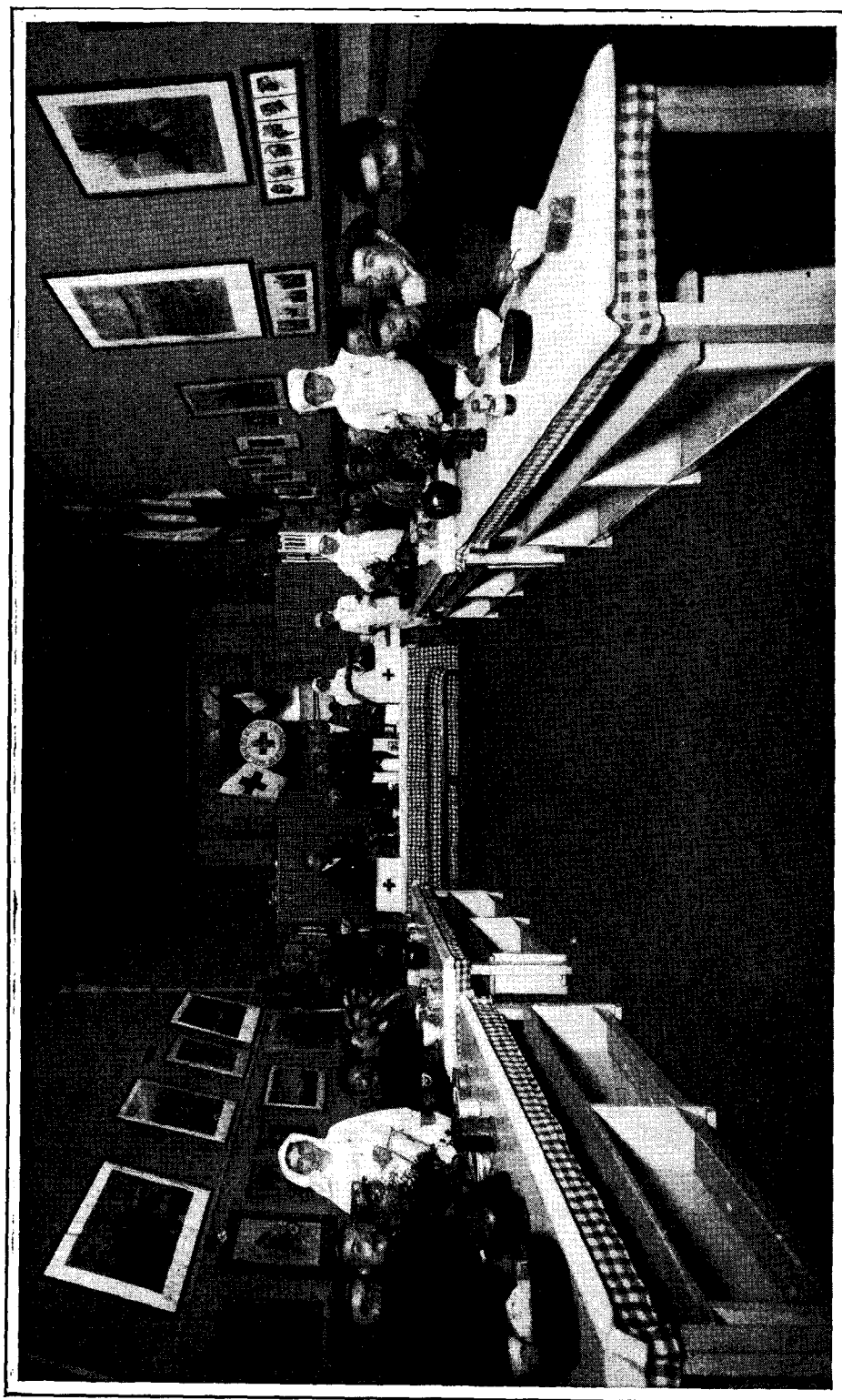
stand after a day or two. At first the patient is puzzled; he calls the doctor "sister," the orderly "nurse," but ends by being an enthusiastic champion of the new order. Not a misogynist did I find. One poor fellow who had been wounded again and again and in many hospitals, declared, "I don't mean no flattery, but this place leaves nothink wanting."

As I heard all the spontaneous words of praise; as I looked over the kitchen under the proud guidance of the cook and caught her idea of a menu—"I know what them poor lads wants, and I gives it to 'em;" as I saw the capability of the orderlies, the patience of the nurses, the skill of the doctors; as I heard of Sir Alfred Keogh's comment, "This is the most economical of the war hospitals; you ought to run them all," I could only put the question to which no answer comes: What does ail Englishmen—are they afraid of women?

Beside the stress and storm of British readjustment, the changed life for women in France was like an artistic progress guided by sympathy and understanding. But who is there who has not remarked on crossing the Channel, "France is so different!"

France is sad and frankly mourns. Black and crape are bad form in England; in France every woman wears her badge of loss. One can only hope that England is not what it seems; one knows that France is what it appears. It is profoundly serious, infinitely sad. I shall never forget looking into the very depth of her sorrow when I was at Creil last autumn. The great drive was in progress, the wounded were being brought down from the front, troops hurried forward. Four different regiments passed as I sat at *déjeuner*. The restaurant, full of its noon-day patrons, was a typical French café giving direct on the street. We could have reached out and touched the soldiers. They marched without music, without song or word, marched in silence. Some of the men were from this very town; their little sons, with set faces too, walked beside them and had brought them bunches of flowers. The people in the restaurant never spoke above a whisper, and when the troops passed were as silent as death. There was no cheer, but just a long, wistful gaze, the soldiers looking into their eyes, they into the soldiers'.

"France is so different," and in nothing more so than in its attitude toward its women.



A REFRESHMENT ROOM AT ST. LAZARE STATION, PARIS, ORGANIZED BY WOMEN. IN SIX MONTHS 76,000 SOLDIERS WERE FED HERE

Without friction with organizations of men, without hindrance from the Government, women filled the gaps in the industrial army. It was obvious that the new workers, being unskilled, would need training; the Government threw open the technical schools to them. A spirit of hospitality, of helpfulness, of common sense, reigned. And it was not only in industry that France showed itself wise. I found that it had co-operated unreservedly with all the philanthropic work of women and had given them a wide sphere in which they could rise above amateurish effort and carry out plans calling for administrative ability. For instance, when the Conseil National des Femmes Françaises inaugurated its work to bring together the scattered families of Belgium and northern France, and when the Association pour l'Aide Fraternelle aux Évacués Alsaciens-Lorrains began its work for the dispersed peoples of the provinces, an order was issued by the French Government to every prefect to furnish lists of all refugees in his district to the headquarters of the women's societies in Paris. It was through this good will on the part of the Central Government that the women's societies were able to bring together thirty thousand Belgian families, and to clothe, place in school or at work four-fifths of the dispersed population of the reconquered districts of Alsace-Lorraine. And it was in France that I found the group of women who realized that the permanent change which the war was making in the relation of women to society needed fundamental handling. Mlle. Valentine Thompson, founder of *La Vie Feminine*, held that, not only was war an economic struggle and not only must the financial power of the combatants rest on the labor of women, but that the future of the nations will largely depend upon the attitude which women take now towards their new obligations.

No question has been oftener asked of me since my return from Europe than what effect the great war will have on the political side of feminism. Political issues are dead in the belligerent nations. Men are not voting, elections are not held. Women are not philosophizing about the future; they are quite simply living feminism day by day. Probably in that lies the promise of victory for votes for women. Thoughtful advocates of suffrage, especially in Europe, have always known that opposition rested in the main on an honest doubt—widely held, though seldom

expressed—of the wisdom of admitting to government a class which has only partially attained to economic independence. The expectation was widespread that this strongly intrenched enemy would retreat in the face of a huge army of self-supporting women; and it does seem reasonable that where the old-time work of wives and mothers is valued in the coin of the realm, the reminder that men escaped serfdom before gaining the vote should cease to embarrass the feminist; and where men are being wounded and slaughtered as rapidly as women are entering office and workshop the old difficulty for the self-supporting woman of asking her male competitors in trade and profession to share with her their political advantage will be broken down under mere weight of numbers.

All modern wars, of course, have drawn women out into wider fields and made them feel their solidarity. Our own Civil War put them in hundreds of industries and gave them class consciousness as workers. But while the same reservoir of labor has been tapped in war after war, I found a wholly new spirit in the old situation in Europe to-day. Until now governments never thought of calling upon women to work nor did women put volition into their acts. Employers used women because they stood handy for use; women worked because they needed bread. In response to no proclamations, without any idea of "serving the nation," women filled up during past wars gaps in the army of workers. But now we are in an atmosphere of national calls and a citizen response. This new sense of the close relation of women to the nation has touched both men and women too deeply to be effaced. Recognition of the relation deepens as the war continues, for although at first the physical force side of the contest was uppermost, to-day the idea that the energy used in making ammunition and creating national wealth is of prime value has laid hold of the imagination of the warring nations. I talked to trade-union leaders, to heads of organizations, to women in every rank of life, to suffragists and anti-suffragists, and found the conviction uniformly held that the work of women will be interpreted in votes for women when peace is declared.

But if I might prophesy, I would say, in France women will be given whatever they ask for; in England they will get no more than they can win.

SILVER FOX FARMING

BY SARA SAVAGE MÜLLER

I WAS keenly interested in silver fox farming, and when an invitation came to visit friends in Canada I was delighted, not only at the prospect of seeing our friends, but also at the prospect of seeing a silver fox farm.

The history of silver fox farming reads like a bit of fiction. About fifty years ago some far-seeing Canadians determined to domesticate that shy wild thing known as the common red fox and to endeavor to breed from it a black or silver variety. They had some foundation upon which to build their hopes, and that was the fact that occasionally a litter of red pups contained a black or silver pup. They believed that if they succeeded in breeding a black or silver variety their fortunes would be made; and, indeed, they were right, for black and silver fox skins were considered one of the most precious of furs, and brought fabulous prices in the market.

For twenty years these plucky pioneer fox farmers continued to experiment, never losing faith, although failure after failure followed each experiment. The public laughed. It was a huge joke, this trying to raise foxes. The wild things would pine away and die if you even attempted to cage them.

That was public opinion, and public opinion was wrong.

The difficulty, however, was not in keeping the foxes alive in captivity but in rearing the young. Litter after litter of lively, robust pups were born; but they always died. Why they died was a mystery. Finally the day came when the mystery was solved. It

seems that the fox is monogamous by nature, and the pioneer fox farmer, ignorant of this fact, had housed more than one pair in a pen. The result was a tragedy. The pups did not die a natural death; they were killed by their parents.

Just as soon as the farmers recognized the monogamous nature of the animals, and separated the foxes, allowing each pair to occupy a pen by themselves, they had no trouble in rearing the pups.

After they learned the secret of raising foxes they began to experiment with breeding.

A few years ago a live silver fox¹ in captivity was a thing unheard of; yet the Canadians succeeded in getting one and mating it with a red fox. The result of this mating was a litter of red pups with dark markings, or patch foxes, as they are called.

This seemed encouraging, so when the pups grew up they mated one of the patches with the silver fox, and the astonishing result of this mating was a litter containing fifty per cent pure red pups and fifty per cent pure silver pups.

The next successful experiment was mating two silver foxes. This time the result was a crowning achievement—all the pups were pure silver. Many times they tried mating silver foxes, and always the entire litter contained pure silver pups. There was no doubt about it, they had succeeded in breeding a silver variety.

It was not until 1900, when the Canadians sold for the sum of \$1,800 a fine specimen of a silver fox pelt that had been

¹ The fur of a silver fox is black, sprinkled with a few silver hairs, and the tip of its brush is white.



COURTESY OF MR. BLAKE VANNATTER, GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

AN ARMFUL OF SILVER PUPS



MR. ALEX BLEAKNEY, OF SALISBURY, N. B., AND HIS EXPENSIVE PET

raised in captivity, that the world woke up to the fact that fox farming was not only possible but well worth while. Men who had ridiculed or had been indifferent now became eager to have a hand in so lucrative a business. Many rushed headlong into it, some even mortgaging their homes for the price of a pair of foxes.

The demand for silver breeders became so great that the market price, so the Canadian Government report states, jumped from \$1,000 to \$2,000 a pair; then to \$3,500; and finally above \$20,000.

Such extravagant prices practically took fox farming out of the hands of individuals. Soon companies were organized, stock sold, and the new industry began to develop by leaps and bounds and continued to do so until the war broke out in Europe.

We had been in Canada ten whole days and had not been able to get a peep inside of a fox farm. Fox farmers, it appears, do not desire visitors. They claim that the animals are of such a nervous temperament that they become easily alarmed, and often when alarmed will unintentionally kill their young ones.

I began to feel anxious. We had only four more days in Canada, and, so far as I could judge, there was no chance of our seeing a real live silver fox. I had heard them described so many times that I wanted to see for myself if they were so beautiful, if the black hair was really a lustrous blue-black, and if the white hairs were really silver white and not just dull white.

"I don't believe we're going to see any silver foxes, after all," I complained to my husband.

Just then our friend appeared, radiant with good news. "What do you say to a trip out to the big fox farm this morning?"

In a few moments we were off, actually on our way to the fox farm. In a few minutes more we were there. The car stopped before what seemed to be a grove of trees surrounded by a high board fence. A very forbidding-looking fence it was, so high that we couldn't see over the top, and so compactly built that there were no cracks between the boards through which we might peep.

"This is the place," said our friend, as he announced our arrival by the loud honking of the horn.

The manager, a courteous gentleman, welcomed us warmly, and volunteered to show us about the farm. As we entered the big

door in the wooden fence we came face to face with another fence of galvanized wire. Through the wire mesh we could see that the farm was divided into pens about twenty by fifty feet, each of which contained an attractive wooden kennel, and was inclosed by a high fence of wire.

It was a curious sight: twenty, more or less, kennels built like miniature houses, and a maze of wire fencing.

But where were the foxes? Not one in sight, and not a sound could be heard.

Our guide led us down a sort of corridor with wire fences looming up on both sides. At the end we turned abruptly, and there right before our eyes was a large silver fox seated on the top of his kennel.

He was superb! Now I knew that the beauty of the silver fox had not been exaggerated. His coat was a lustrous blue-black, and the white hairs intermingled with the black were really silver white.

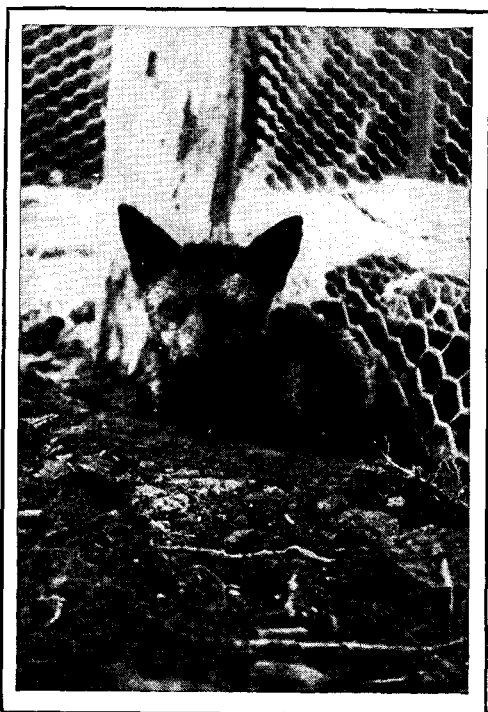
Farther on we came to a pen in which there were several half-grown patch foxes. They were playing with each other like a lot of puppies, but the grace of their movements is quite beyond description. The instant they saw us they took alarm and made a dash for their kennels. Our guide allowed us to enter their pen; and when we made so bold as to peep into the side window of the kennel queer little dog-like growls protested against such familiarity.

In talking with our guide we learned that foxes thrive on almost any kind of food, provided it is not frozen. Frozen meat, he told us, always makes them ill, and sometimes proves fatal to them.

January is the mating season; and, according to our guide, from January until the last of June, when the young are expected, is a pretty anxious time for the fox farmer. No strangers at this time are allowed inside the farm; no unnecessary noises are permitted, nothing that might alarm the foxes. It seems that they are highly excitable during these months, and if anything occurs to frighten them it might mean the loss of the entire litter.

A story is told of a good-natured farmer who hadn't the courage to turn away some visitors who came shortly after a litter of pups were born. The mother fox, hearing strange voices, became alarmed, and, wishing to hide her pups, dug a hole in the ground and buried them. When what she had done was discovered, the pups were dead.

Good things never come singly. That was



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERNEST W. MÜLLER

A PATCH FOX



A SILVER FOX HALF GROWN

the way it was with invitations to visit fox farms. It had been hard work to get the first one, but others followed without the asking, and not only invitations to fox farms, but to fur farms of every kind.

One of the most interesting farms we visited was in Salsbury. It was especially interesting because the young man who kept this farm sold only tame animals for breeding purposes. He claimed that a tame fox would not frighten easily, and so the danger of her killing her pups would be greatly lessened.

The farm was situated close to the railway track. No wooden fence protected it from the public, and no trees sheltered it from the sun. The wire fences were makeshift affairs, and the kennels were nothing but packing-boxes. But the farmer, a mere lad, understood his business. He didn't have the means to do things in the most approved fashion, but he knew how to raise foxes, and he knew how to tame them. His foxes did not take alarm and bolt for their kennels the minute we appeared. They gave us one look and then paid no more attention to us.

There was one particularly tame fox that

was such a pet that when his keeper entered the pen he frolicked with him, chasing him round and round and finally jumping into his arms.

"Will he let me pat him, do you think?" I asked, doubtfully.

"Sure; he's not afraid of anybody."

I ventured into the pen, and, kneeling down, held out my hand coaxingly. The fox trotted up to me, sniffed at me inquiringly, then licked my hand in the most friendly fashion.

It is not the proverbial fish story that one hears in Canada, it is a fox story. And, let me tell you, some of these stories are well worth hearing. They are truly marvels of the imagination, full of local color and utterly incredible.

The tendency to exaggerate is so common among the fox farmers, and the facts concerning fox farming are so amazing, almost past belief, that it is difficult sometimes to detect which is fact and which is fancy.

There is no doubt about one fact, however, and that is that silver fox farming has been a real triumph in Canadian industrial life.

"THE NAVAL PLATTSBURG"

WHAT THE NAVY HOPES TO OBTAIN FROM ITS FIRST CIVILIAN
TRAINING CRUISE

BY FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

OUT of the great mass of new military and naval data supplied by the European conflict there stands out prominently the fact that one of the essentials of a nation's war strength is a well-trained and efficient reserve—a secondary line of defense upon land and sea which can be relied upon in the hour of danger to assist the primary defense and, if necessary, to assume some share of its duties.

The Navy Department of the United States realizes the necessity for a reserve of this nature, and it is in order to meet this need that it has planned for an extensive naval training cruise for civilians, to be held during August and September of the present year. To be perfectly frank, it has taken a leaf out of the note-book of the army and intends to hold a "naval Plattsburg," at which some three thousand civilians will be trained in at least the rudiments of sea fighting.

During the past two years our ideas of military operations on land have undergone a change so startling that it is difficult for the mind of the average citizen, far removed from the field of actual conflict, to grasp the figures. It is probable that most of us think of great battles in the terms of Waterloo and Gettysburg—of armies of fifty or a hundred thousand men and of operations extending over a few hundred miles at the most. Even the Russo Japanese War, with its great battles of Mukden and Liaoyang, wrought but little change in this history-born conception of a modern conflict. Military experts may have realized the changes which have been gradually developing in the science of warfare, but the average citizen is overwhelmed at the thought of armies of millions of men and battlefields extending over thousands of miles.

As a result of this lack of understanding of what modern war means some persons have given careless thought or glib tongue to the "million Americans who would spring to arms overnight." But the majority of people in the Nation have kept silent, and are thinking

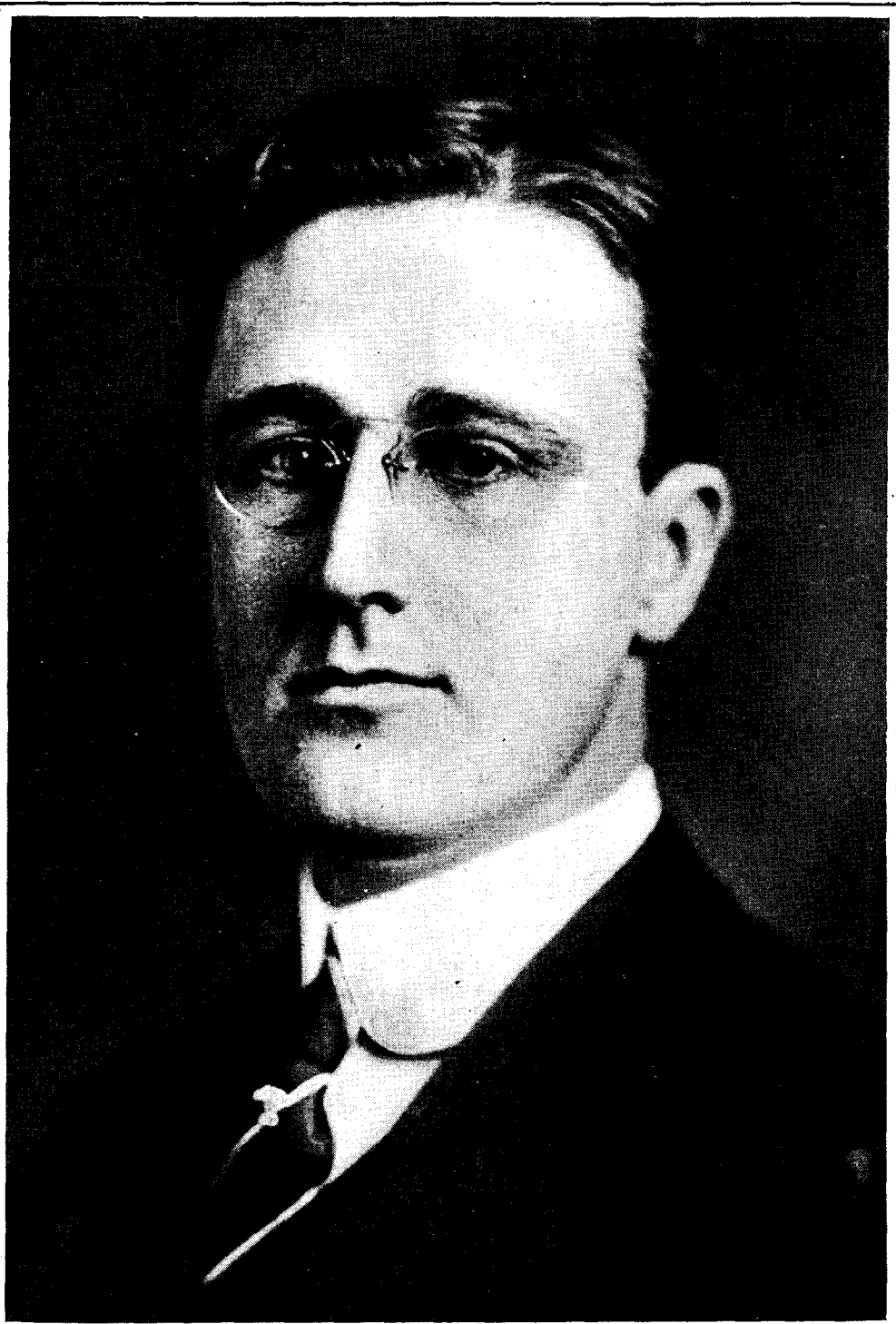
deeply on the question of the best possible means of having ready at hand a trained force sufficient for the needs of defense. The problem in the case of land forces is so intricate, and requires such a radical departure from the conditions that have heretofore existed, that careful thought and united effort will be necessary to accomplish the actual result of adequate preparedness.

In the problem of the navy and of naval defense, however, matters are far more simple, both in the light of our needs and in the light of what we have learned from the naval operations of the European war.

The size of our navy in terms of ships depends obviously upon two factors—the strength of the navy of any hostile Power and the amount which the American people are willing to expend on the construction of fighting ships. There is no question but that we have at hand the facilities and the ability to build new ships if Congress and the people authorize their construction. On that score we are comparatively secure; but it is the matter of what is called in the navy "personnel"—that is to say, the officers and men who would be necessary for naval defense in time of war—that I wish particularly to make clear and to show how the Navy Department proposes to meet this problem.

Unlike the army question, the matter of officers and men for naval defense is so simple that any civilian can grasp the needs and the methods of meeting these needs in the shortest time.

Roughly defined, almost any naval war in which the United States might be involved would divide itself into two fairly distinct fields of action. The first would comprise what is best called the "main fleet"—the great fighting aggregation of battle-ships, battle-cruisers (when we get some), destroyers, large submarines, and scouts, together with the "train" of colliers, oil ships, repair ships, etc., necessary to maintain the main fleet wherever it may be. The second group



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FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

Mr. Roosevelt is thirty-three years old; is a native of New York; graduated from Harvard, 1904; has been a State Senator. He is a cousin of Theodore Roosevelt, who, by a coincidence, once also held the position of Assistant Secretary of the Navy

would include all the other instruments of naval warfare: the raiding forces, coast patrols, mine-layers, coast submarines, submarine-catchers, mine-sweepers, etc.

The first group, the main fleet, would be made up of practically what is called to-day the United States Navy, with the addition of the retired officers, former enlisted men, and members of the Naval Militia who could be expected to come forward in time of war. So far, no particular "reserve," in the technical meaning of the word, would be necessary.

But the second group essential to naval defense—the "second line," as it might be called—is also of vital importance to the successful conduct of war at sea. The very existence of a perfect system of patrols and of protection for the coast through a line of mines and submarines, together with a definite organization to check the submarine activities and countermining efforts of the enemy, would not only assist the main fleet in its operations near our coast, but would release it for operations in more distant waters. This would be desirable not only in a war conducted along offensive lines, but in any campaign or plan of action that would bear out the old and thoroughly reliable maxim that it is better to carry the fighting as far away from home as possible.

How this great secondary force shall be manned is the primary naval reserve problem of the United States.

Using the European war as a criterion, the best naval opinion of this country believes that the United States ought to have a minimum naval reserve of one hundred thousand men. Our present reserve is entirely negligible, inasmuch as the two thousand officers and men of the Naval Reserve and the eight thousand men connected with the Naval Militia would, in time of war, be assigned to the main fleet and not to the secondary line of defense. But, although the task appears herculean, the hundred-thousand mark for the secondary reserve cannot be considered either revolutionary or impossible of attainment.

It is in order that the Nation may take at least the first step toward the formation of such an organization that the Navy Department has laid its plans for a naval training cruise for civilians, which will begin on August 15 and will last until September 12.

The men who enroll in this preparatory course in naval training will be taken on

nine battle-ships or armored cruisers of the Reserve fleet, and for four weeks will be instructed in the primary duties of modern naval service. The training fleet will leave from various ports along the Atlantic coast—two ships from Boston, one from Narragansett Bay, two from New York, one from Philadelphia, one from Norfolk, and one from Charleston (or New Orleans, depending upon the number of applications received). Each vessel will have room for about three hundred civilians, in addition to its nucleus navy crew of three hundred officers and men.

In planning this short course in seamanship the Navy Department has in mind three distinct objects: To help properly qualified men to act as reserves in time of war or other National emergency by giving them a course of training on war-ships under naval officers and naval discipline; to foster a patriotic spirit and to give to civilians some knowledge of the navy and the naval requirements of the country; and, finally, to interest citizens in naval matters, so that by taking future courses of training and by study many may qualify for acting commissions after taking the necessary examinations.

Naturally, the navy wants to get men to take this cruise who have some special qualifications for the service which they would be called upon to render in the event of war. It will therefore be necessary for each applicant for the cruise to prove to the satisfaction of the Navy Department, through the nearest recruiting officer, that he would be of such use. As a matter of fact, almost any patriotic and intelligent citizen between the ages of nineteen and forty-five and in good physical condition can pass the test. Any one of the following qualifications would entitle him to be enrolled for the cruise:

Undergraduate of a college, university, or technical school.

Graduate of a college, university, or technical school.

Demonstration to the satisfaction of the recruiting officer of knowledge of maritime affairs or some experience with water-craft.

Pilot or pilot's apprentice.

Service on any merchant vessel (including fishing craft) in any capacity for six months or more.

Six months' experience, or its equivalent, in any one of the following trades: machinist, boilermaker, plumber, shipfitter, coppersmith, carpenter, electrician, engineer, fireman, telegrapher, or radio operator.

A high school education and following a trade

or occupation where experience gained would be beneficial to the Government in time of need.

On August 15 every successful applicant will report at the navy-yard at one of the starting-points. He will deposit thirty dollars to cover his outfit of clothing, food, and all other expenses during the four weeks' cruise, change his civilian clothing for a navy uniform, pack his ditty-box, and go on board ship. The nine vessels will then put to sea and rendezvous at some central point, probably near Newport. After a preliminary training, to acquaint the men in some degree with their duties, the training squadron will then participate in the "war game" which is to be held off the coast in conjunction with the entire Atlantic Fleet.

The preliminary training and the work in connection with the annual war game will consume about three weeks, and at the conclusion of this time each ship will return to the port from which it started. The instruction of the final week will be given with the idea of studying problems of local defense.

In time of war the coast would be divided into naval districts, and the last week of the training cruise will be devoted to instructing the men in the duties that will fall to their lot in the defense of these sections. For example, the battle-ship which starts from Philadelphia will during the first week of the cruise be stationed in the Delaware River, and will work out, in conjunction with the Coast Artillery and the various motor-boat organizations of the locality, the problems connected with the defense of Delaware Bay and the vicinity. Mine-laying, mine-sweeping, submarine-chasing, patrolling, pilotage, and the other details of modern naval warfare will be undertaken, and it is probable that the majority of the men on the Philadelphia ship—coming, as they will, from Delaware, Pennsylvania, and the contiguous territory—would in time of war be assigned to the defense of the Delaware. In this manner it is hoped that a reserve will be created which in time of need will not only know something of the work expected of it, but would also be familiar with at least a portion of the territory which it would have to cover.

The life of the "civilian sailor" aboard ship will not be one of ease and luxury, neither will it be one of incessant hard work. Each man will be expected to conform to the rules and regulations which govern life in the navy, and each applicant for the training course will be given a schedule of his hours

and duties, in order that there may be no misunderstanding of the nature of the work which he is undertaking.

The regular schedule of naval life, which will of course be greatly modified during the training cruise, is modeled along the following lines:

5 A.M. Call section of watch sleeping in. Coffee.

5:20 A.M. Pipe sweepers; off shoes and socks.

5:30 A.M. Turn to; out smoking lamp; execute morning orders; scrub and wash clothes, scrub decks.

7:15 A.M. Mess gear; light smoking lamp.

7:30 A.M. Breakfast; shift into uniform of day during meal hour.

8:15 A.M. Turn to; out smoking lamp; get ship ready for inspection.

9:15 A.M. Quarters for muster and inspection; physical drill and drill as prescribed.

11:30 A.M. Retreat from drill; light smoking lamp.

12 NOON. Dinner.

1 P.M. Turn to; pipe sweepers; out smoking lamp.

1:15 P.M. Drill call, if ordered.

6 P.M. Supper.

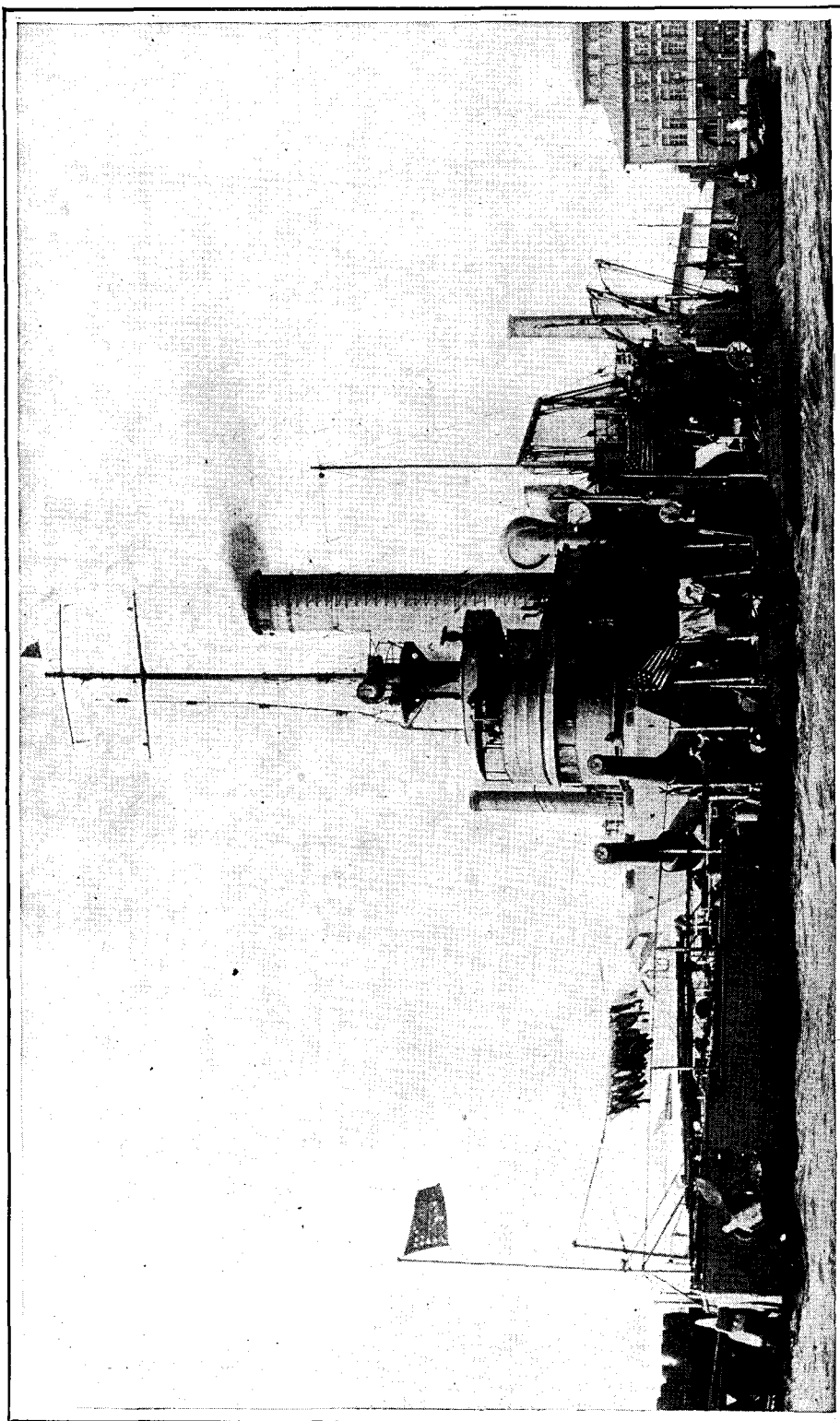
7:30 P.M. Hammocks.

9 P.M. Out smoking lamp; turn out unnecessary light.

It may be mentioned in passing that the details connected with the lighting and extinguishing of the "smoking lamp" merely indicate the periods when the men on board ship are permitted to smoke. In the old days of the navy all pipes (sailors rarely smoked tobacco in any other form) were lighted from a lamp in the forecabin, and the hours when smoking is permitted are still indicated by the use of this lamp, although the modern sailor is permitted to light a match when he desires to smoke.

Ample opportunities will be provided in the course of the day's routine for specialization in certain branches of naval work, each man taking up the subject for which he appears to be the best fitted. There will be instruction in navigation, signaling, radio work, steam and electrical engineering, etc.; boat drills will be held and landings made; and recruits will be taught the manual of arms and military formations. In short, the object of the cruise and the routine incident thereto will be to give the civilian as much instruction as possible in the life and duties of the modern sailor, so that he may be of some use to his country should his country need his services at sea.

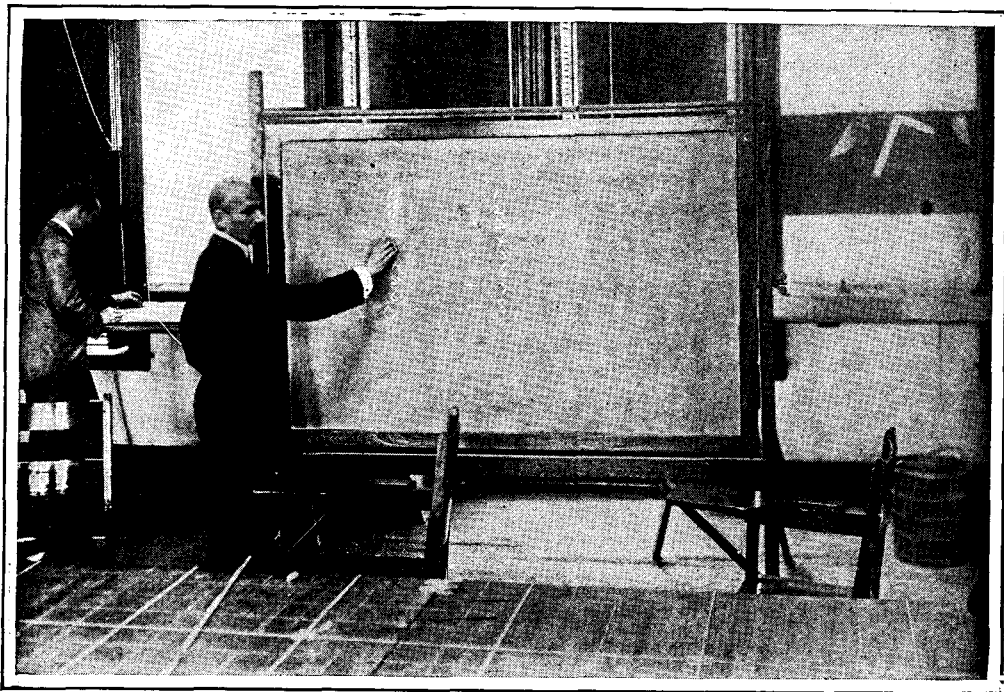
The training cruise is designed to create a



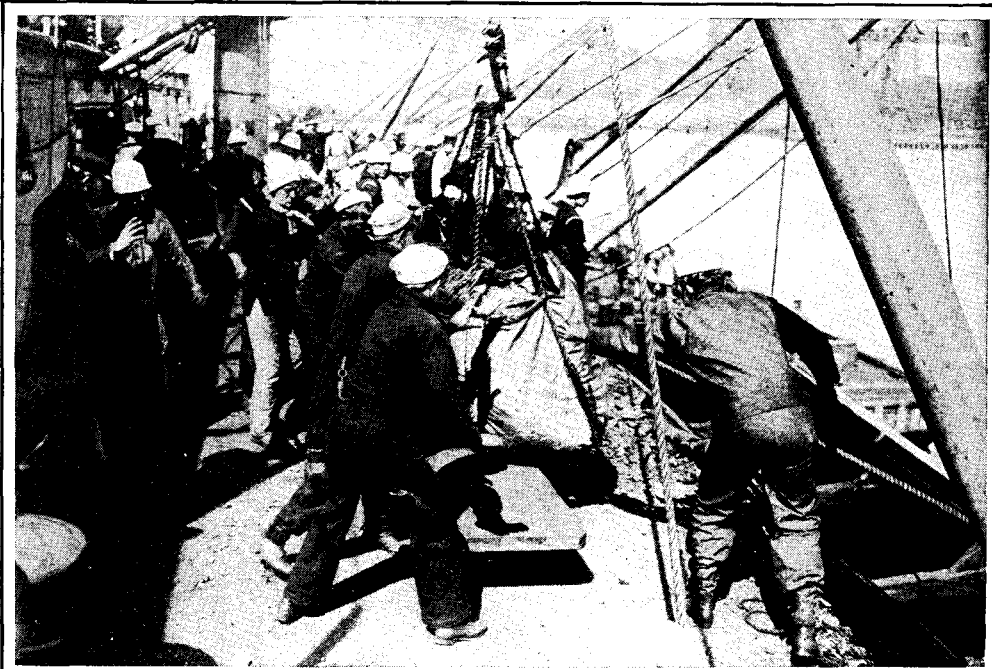
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WAR VESSELS TO BE USED FOR THE TRAINING OF CIVILIANS AS SAILORS

The battle-ship is the Mississippi; beside her may be seen two submarines which have been assigned for this service



THE METHOD OF SCORING "HITS" IN THE NAVAL WAR GAME



THE RECRUITS WILL BE TAUGHT HOW TO COAL A WAR-SHIP
SOME LESSONS THAT THE NAVAL RECRUITS WILL LEARN

reserve, not for the main fleet, but for the secondary defense. The chief requisite of a successful reserve of this kind is that its members shall have knowledge of seamanship, the use of small arms, signaling, and, above all, general naval requirements. In other words, the navy wants a man who would be of all-round usefulness on, for instance, a mine-sweeper—not a turret captain of a dreadnought. The cruise, therefore, will not aim to produce a thoroughly well drilled and homogeneous battle-ship crew. It will seek to turn out, as far as is possible in four weeks' time, a useful reservist with a general idea of naval discipline and naval requirements. The officers on each ship will not only teach the men how to carry out a particular duty, but the reason for it and its relation to naval defense. To augment these explanations the laymen will be given a series of lectures covering the broader aspects of war at sea.

At the end of the cruise each man will, before going ashore, be asked to state whether he desires to enroll in the Naval Reserve. Such enrollment will not be considered in any manner obligatory, but it is believed that practically all who take the cruise will be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity offered. In addition, every man who completes the cruise will receive a certificate, signed by the commanding officer of the ship, showing the nature of the duties which he has performed, the efficiency which he has displayed, his rating, and the kind of work for which he is best qualified in case of war.

It is true that the cruise as outlined will provide for the training of only three thousand men this summer towards the really necessary one hundred thousand; but, if the work during August and September proves successful, there is no reason why it cannot be greatly extended in succeeding years—not only along

the Atlantic coast, but on the Pacific coast and the Great Lakes.

So far I have made no mention of the question of obtaining officers for this reserve. The actual operations in time of war would, of course, be directed by regular naval officers of experience, but, as shown in the case of our own Civil War and by the events of the present war in Europe, a large number of additional officers would be necessary to fill the less important places in this second line. It is the hope and expectation of the Navy Department that many of those who take the training cruise this summer will, by future courses and by study, qualify for acting commissions. There is no reason, for example, why a graduate of the Naval Academy should be taken away from more important duties to be placed in command of a patrol-boat along the coast. A civilian reservist who had by study and participation in training courses equipped himself sufficiently could perform such duties successfully and to the benefit of the service as a whole.

Americans are coming more and more to the realization of the definite fact that they owe individually, as citizens of the United States, an imperative duty to aid in the safeguarding of the country. I feel quite certain that, if the National Government provides the opportunity by which in time of peace citizens may practice and study the duties which they would be called upon to perform in case of war, there will be an extended realization of the advantages of preparedness, of being ready *before* the emergency arises. While the naval training cruise for civilians to be held this summer is only a first step, I am quite confident that it will meet with such a response that during the next few years we shall be able to build up a satisfactory and dependable Naval Reserve, at least approximating the one hundred thousand mark.

CRUSADERS OF TO-DAY

AN ACCOUNT OF THE PERSONALTIES, MOTIVES, AND IDEALS OF THE MEN OF THE AMERICAN LEGION, WHO VOLUNTARILY FIGHT FOR THE ALLIES

BY GREGORY MASON

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. A. STAPLES

"Not because our homes are threatened
Or our country calls to the fight.
We're fighting because we want to,
Because we love both Fight and Right."

FIFTY young men, brown against the unwrinkled silver carpet of Lake Ontario under the moon, were standing on the abrupt bank of the lake, singing. There was a challenge in their voices, and a sort of religious fervor. They all wore the brown service cap, tan flannel coat, shirt, trousers, and puttees of Canadian soldiers. But they were not Canadians. They were Americans. The song was the hymn of the American Legion.

They were a few of the sixteen thousand Americans who have enlisted under the Maple Leaf of Canada since this war began. Why they had left their peaceful homes for a foreign war and an alien quarrel they told you in their songs. After they had sung and resung their hymn and other serious refrains their mood suddenly changed. Without an order and without a commander, by common consent they fell into marching order, four abreast, and, turning their backs on the silver moon and the reflecting lake, swung across the lawn and up a path between the clustered buildings of the Canadian Exposition, lustily chanting their marching song:

"There's Tommy, and Mikey, and then Scotty,
too,
Canadian, Australian, and the Hindu,
English, and Irish, and Scottish, all swank,
Turn out, look us over, for we are the Yank."

The tune was one from an old Princeton University musical show; the accent and delivery were wholly collegian in vigor. I had come to Canada to find out why Americans by the thousand had enlisted in Canada, until now the Dominion Government had given them their own unit—the American Legion—entirely American. I found their motives in these songs—about fifty per cent the spirit of adventure and about fifty per cent the spirit of crusade. Only, instead of fighting for the recovery of the Holy Land, they are fighting for the recovery of land just as holy and more wrung by the grip of the

oppressor than Palestine ever was—Belgium, northern France, Serbia, Poland, the Baltic Provinces. Instead of fighting for a concrete and narrow creed and the promised reward of spiritual salvation they are fighting for an abstract idea of justice and the satisfaction of their own consciences.

They are fighting, to quote their own recruiting posters, which in every Canadian border town are flaunted in the faces of Americans crossing the line, because they believe that "Germany is the foe of liberty and civilization, and is a menace to the welfare of humanity;" that "Canada is fighting for those very principles of liberty which every true American loves;" that "the battle-line of Flanders is the bulwark of civilization," and if it were to give way there would be a dangerous probability of "a line of German forts on what is now the peaceful border line between the United States and Canada." Finally, to quote their posters again, "they have put aside nationalism—for this has become more a war of principles than of nations, of good against bad, of right against wrong." So they are going out

"To fight for God and justice

As they would for the Stars and Stripes."

In this discernment of the issues in this war you may or may not agree with them. The point is that they believe these things. Of course, in many of them the spirit of adventure is much stronger than the spirit of crusade; for instance, Captain John V. Frazier, of the 213th Battalion, a veteran of the Spanish-American War, said it was "the call of the wild" that had brought him, a major in the Michigan National Guard, to accept a captaincy in the Legion. But when I suggested that he could satisfy "the call of the wild" as well fighting for Germany as for the Allies, his snorts were amply explanatory.

Of course the adventure spirit is a motive with all of them. But so it was with the Crusaders, whom history has granted a halo of glory. In fact, what made the military expeditions to the Holy Land so attractive to the men who dressed in steel was that on those pious but martial junkets they could



COLONEL B. J. MCCORMICK, COMMANDER OF THE AMERICAN LEGION

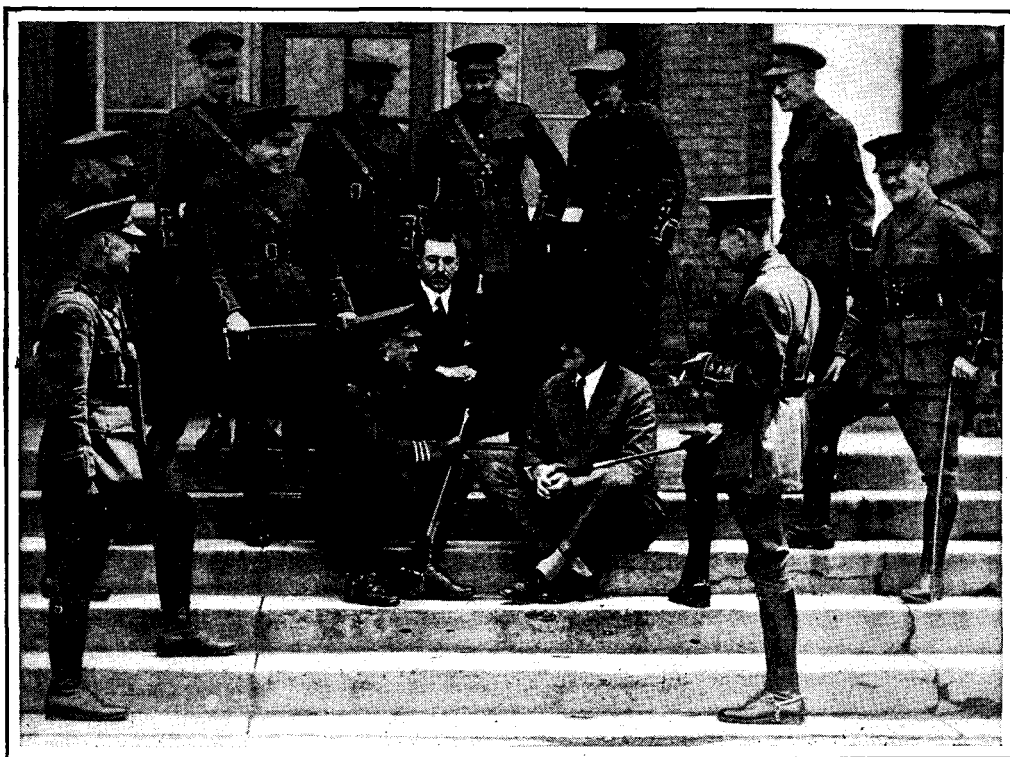
satisfy both the physical and spiritual sides of their nature. So the American Legion offers satisfaction to both the love of battle and the consciences of its members. Not one of them would be in the Legion had he not a strong feeling for daring and high deeds; but, on the other hand, every man Jack of them would break his sword before he would offer it to Germany. In short,

"We're fighting because we want to,
Because we love both Fight and Right."

It is not inappropriate that the founder of the American Legion should have been a

from Sir Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia and Defenses, to found an American Legion.

The first entire battalion of Americans, the 97th, sailed from Halifax the other day. The Canadian battalion is the equivalent unit of the American regiment, having slightly more men—about twelve hundred in all. In command of the 97th is Lieutenant-Colonel W. L. Jolly, veteran of the Spanish War, the Boxer Rebellion, and four other campaigns, who dropped a lucrative building business in Philadelphia to strike a blow "For God and Justice"—the motto of the American Legion. Lieutenant-Colonel

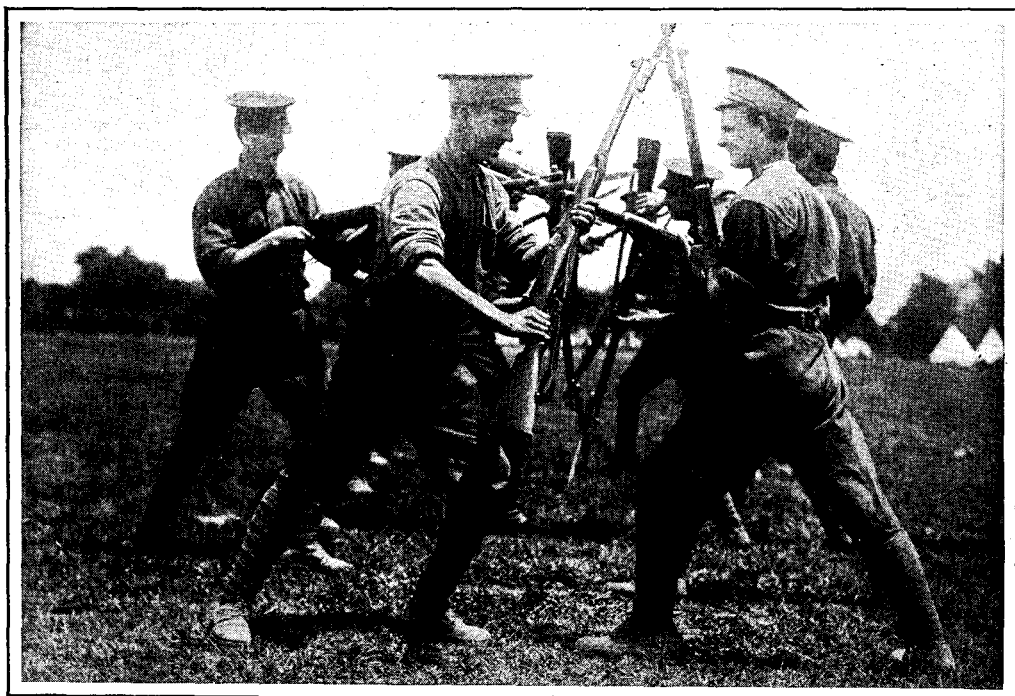


STAFF OFFICERS OF THE 213TH BATTALION, AMERICAN LEGION

Unitarian clergyman, the Rev. Dr. C. Seymour Bullock, now Lieutenant-Colonel Bullock, of the 237th Battalion. Most of the sixteen thousand Americans who have enlisted in Canada are assigned to Canadian units, although there is one entire American company in the 149th Battalion, and the 99th Battalion, called the "International," is mainly composed of Americans from Detroit. Dr. Bullock had been urging the Americans living in Canada to enlist, and he reminded them that in our Civil War forty-eight thousand Canadians fought for the North. They responded so nobly that he got permission

Bullock has remained behind to use his magnetic powers in recruiting. He is now in command of the 237th Battalion at Halifax.

Up to date the American Legion consists of five battalions, one full—the 97th, which is now in Europe—the others recruiting. These are the 211th, at Vancouver; the 212th, at Winnipeg; the 213th, at Toronto; and the 237th, at Halifax. As this is written, the number of Americans enrolled in the five battalions of the Legion is about three thousand. The term Legion is a flexible one and includes all Americans who enroll in distinctively American units under the



BAYONET PRACTICE—THE REAL THING



BAYONET PRACTICE WITH DUMMY GUNS



THE LEGIONARIES LEARNING HOW TO THROW

Bullock plan. The term is not used in the Canadian army. In that force four battalions make a brigade, and four brigades make a division—a force of about twenty thousand men. The American Legion, therefore, already embraces units which, when full, will constitute a brigade and a quarter. Indeed, the Americans already enrolled in the Military Order of the American Legion are talking about an American division under an American general!

The distinctive thing about the battalions in the Legion, of course, is that they are all American, from the humblest private to the commanding officer. In the American army we have Negro regiments commanded by American officers, but the Canadians have placed all responsibility for the battalions in the Legion on American shoulders, and the Americans believe that they will consent to an American general at the head of a division if enough Yankees turn out to form one.

The only qualifications for enrollment in the Legion is that applicants must have good general physical development and good moral character and must be "between eighteen and forty-five, of American birth, parentage, or residence." This lets in a few men with American associations who are actually Canadian citizens, but the majority of the Legionaries are bona fide, legitimate sons of Uncle Sam.

The Legionaries are not worrying about

questions of neutrality or loss of citizenship. Since they offer themselves to the Canadian Government merely as individuals without any official connections with the American Government, and since the Legion does no recruiting in the United States, the neutrality of that country is not affected. As for losing their American citizenship, the officers of the Legion tell me that the courts have already decided in the case of Americans who have returned to the United States after service in France that such conduct did not make them aliens.

In taking a special oath to serve King George the recruit to the American Legion is not asked to jeopardize his American citizenship. In his oath he says:

"I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to his Majesty King George V, and I will, as in duty bound, honestly and faithfully defend his Majesty in person, crown, and dignity against all enemies, and will observe and obey all orders of his Majesty and of all the generals and officers set over me."

Moreover, the recruit declares that he will "serve in the Canadian overseas expeditionary force for the term of one year or during the war now existing between Great Britain and Germany, should that war last longer than one year, and for six months after the termination of that war, provided his Majesty should so long require my services."



CONTACT BOMBS IN THE TRENCHES

If Uncle Sam should suddenly go to war with John Bull, the members of the American Legion would be in an awkward situation, but they are not worrying about that possibility. The insignia of the Legion is the coat of arms of George Washington on the Canadian maple leaf, and the Legionaries are confident that no gust of international passion will blow that leaf away, until after the end of the English duel with Germany, at any rate.

But while the Legion does no recruiting in the United States, an American has only to step across the border to be arrested by vivid posters which urge him to join "THE BIGGEST ADVENTURE IN THE WORLD." Stepping off a car at the Canadian Niagara Falls, I saw the following mute challenge on a billboard:

AMERICAN LEGION

IF You believe in fair play
 You really love liberty
 You want to fight for right
 You are a real man

COME OVERSEAS WITH US

If a man must fight for a living, from a material standpoint he could not do better than join the American Legion. In the first place, the Canadian army is the highest-paid army in the world. Privates in the ranks get \$1.10 a day, as against a shil-

ling a day in the British army, \$15 a month in the United States army, and much less than that in the armed camps of Germany, France, Russia, and other countries of the world. Moreover, if a soldier is married, the Government sends his wife while he is away a monthly stipend of \$20, called a separation allowance, and \$5 a month additional for each child. Moreover, in the Legion the officers are recruited from the ranks. For instance, among the officers of the 213th Battalion, which I visited at Toronto, only Lieutenant-Colonel Byron J. McCormick had joined as an officer, and even he began as a lieutenant. The only qualifications for officers is that they must be twenty-five years old and of high intelligence and some previous military training. Nowhere in the world are chances for "promotion and pay" so high as in the American Legion. In spite of that, pay is the last thing that appeals to the men in the Legion. Indeed, most of them are there at a great financial sacrifice.

Social standing and pull do not count at all in the Legion. Of course every man who joins wants to be an officer, but, as the Legion is not modeled on the Mexican plan, obviously the majority of them must be disappointed. The selection is left entirely to the commanding officer, and in most cases those who are rejected as officers enlist as privates. Recently Colonel McCormick refused a com-

mission to a millionaire who brought a letter of introduction from former President Taft. On the other hand, a good many of the privates in the Legion have their own automobiles in camp with them, and these men are the best of pals with other privates whose entire property can be carried in a knapsack.

They are interesting fellows, these men who have embarked on this "biggest adventure." There are all conceivable types among them except the coward. And, with all their differences, they have two common traits: their unquenchable love of romance and their underlying conviction that they are fighting for a cause. Modern knights-errant are they all.

There are many college men among the Legionaries, including some West Pointers, and there are also frontiersmen from the beaches of Alaska and the hills of Mexico who "ain't had no chanst at learnin'," as one of them said to me. These are men who have been fighting all their lives, the harder fight with nature mainly, to whom a duel with their fellow-man is a vacation and an entertainment. But most of them have campaigned before—in fact, more than sixty per cent have learned to carry arms in former wars.

I expected to find a band of callow youths—dime-novel readers—when I entered the Exhibition Camp at Toronto. This expectation was strengthened when, in response to a question as to the whereabouts of the American Legion, a sentry at the gate of the grounds where the annual Canadian International Exposition is held said, "Stable 24." Their assignment to this shelter proved to be no reflection on my fellow-countrymen, however, as I soon learned on seeing that most of the units in camp were quartered in buildings occupied by quadrupeds in fair time. A floor of wood had been built over the one of cement in Stable 24, the ceiling had been whitewashed, a fireplace built, and the interior partitioned off for the sleeping-quarters of the officers of the 213th Battalion. Inside the first of the rooms—as snug and clean as a stateroom on a liner—an American flag covering one wall caught my eye. Stopping to peer in, I interrupted the tenant of the room reading his diary.

This diary was not in buckram bound, nor was it even on paper. It consisted of a series of medals, each one referring to some notable exploit in their owner's long military career. This was explained to me by the owner, the Captain John V. Frazier already mentioned, who blushed like a boy with his

sweetheart's picture when he caught me watching him.

"I don't like writing, and journals are too bulky to take around," said he. "This string of junk is the only property I take with me in the field. It serves as a journal, for looking on these foolish trinkets I live over the whole past."

The first medal recalled the Northwest Rebellion. Captain Frazier had been born in Canada, and served the Dominion with distinction before he went to the United States. The second medal told that the private in the Canadian service had become a captain in the Thirty-second Michigan Volunteers during the Spanish War; the third mentioned the bravery of a major in the medical branch of the Michigan National Guard during an epidemic in that State. Crowded on the small surface of a fourth disc was a brief account of the possessor's part in the Houghton-Hancock-Calumet Copper Mine strike of 1913-14. From this center of industrial cyclones Major Frazier was detailed for service on the Mexican border as an observer with the regular army on behalf of the National Guard of Michigan, and was attached at various times to the Third Field Hospital, the Eleventh Cavalry, and the Fifteenth Infantry.

"I was on the Mexican border when the war broke out in Europe. I soon got restless. My wife saw this, and said, 'Go.' So I went, and here I am. Like the rest of them"—his hand pointed toward the clean lounging-room floored with boards and wall-papered with stiff cardboard where a group of officers were swapping yarns—"I'm in it for love."

Another man who is in it for love is Tom Longboat, the Indian professional long-distance runner, who dog-trotted the seventy miles from his home up north to Toronto to enlist. Longboat was assigned to the 213th by virtue of the time he has lived in the "States" and his acquaintance with Americans, but when he learned that the 97th was about to sail for France he smuggled himself into that battalion and got as far as Halifax, when he was arrested for his excessive patriotism.

Colonel Byron J. McCormick, commanding the 213th, offered his services to the Canadian Government on August 8, 1914, four days after the first spiked helmet was sighted on the Belgian border. He went to Europe in a Canadian battalion, was promoted to the rank of major in the regular British army for bravery at Ypres, and was

then sent back to England to lecture to recruits on some of the peculiar phases of modern warfare, and to explain to them the use of the gas mask. Later he returned to Canada to take command of the 213th, leaving a son in the trenches in Flanders, who will join his father's command when it reaches the front. Before he enlisted Mr. McCormick was Industrial Commissioner of the town of Welland, Ontario, and during his incumbency of that office he boosted the pay-roll of the city's industries from about \$50,000 to \$2,000,000. Tall and alert, he looks every inch a soldier, and he is one, with sixteen years' service in the Michigan National Guard behind him. His motto, "Never let a fault go unchecked," explains his rapid rise in the army.

When Colonel McCormick left Welland, he took with him Mr. H. L. Hatt, now Captain Hatt, of his staff. Mr. Hatt was President of the Board of Trade of Welland and a member of the City Council. He began his services to the Allies by helping to recruit the Ninety-eighth Battalion in the quick time of two months at Welland. Then he entered the Forty-fourth Canadian Militia, and later joined the Legion. As I have said before, most of the men in the Legion are there at great financial loss to themselves—in fact, most of them in civil life could earn at least three times as much as they earn in khaki. But Captain Hatt's sacrifice was much greater than that. When he stepped out to serve the King, he left a prosperous business in the manufacture of metal bedsteads at Welland.

Nutshell biographies of other men in the Legion are interesting.

Lieutenant R. E. Smith sprang from English parents and has served in the Royal Engineers, but his name is still remembered in western New York as the champion amateur aviator of that section, the man who built and flew the first aeroplane ever seen in Rochester, New York, when he was living in that city.

Two of the most picturesque characters in the entire Legion are Captain Alexander Rasmussen and Lieutenant Tracy Richardson. Rasmussen, offspring of a Danish father and a French mother, won his spurs fighting for the United States in Cuba in 1898. Afterwards he went to the Philippines with the Fourth Cavalry, and still later the roulette wheel of fate threw him into Mexico, where he took out a commission as a captain under Alvaro Obregon, the Carranzista, and fought the Yaquis who had wrecked his min-

ing schemes. He was one of the delegation to the Legion that was sifting the drifted sands of ancient Alaskan beaches for the yellow dust that is the basis of our currency, when the fighting fever got him again.

In the eyes of his companions Tracy Richardson has been uncannily lucky. For Richardson has been hit by fourteen bullets between Mexico and Flanders, and rejoices in the nickname of the "Human Sieve." The doctors sent him home from Europe and got him a pension under the belief that he would be a cripple for life, but he is returning to the firing-line without the pension but with the full use of his limbs and shooting eye. He is a kindred spirit to the English admirals who, Stevenson tells us, "courted war like a mistress."

On the flat greensward of the training-grounds I saw Americans drilling shoulder to shoulder with Canadians. Then I watched them in the lecture hall elbowing the same Canadians and all drinking in the wisdom emitted by Colonel Lang, director of the school for officers, a typical British colonel, round, ruddy, and risible, hard, hale, and human. His advice was that the two prime desiderata in an officer are "guts"—i. e., character and "cleanliness," the latter emphasized by a sweep of the colonel's hand over his round face to indicate the clean-shaven condition below the upper lip, which is the *sine qua non* of a British soldier. Beards may do for the French and Russians, but a beard on a Briton to a British soldier means mental and moral flabbiness.

All the American officers that I saw in the training school were mature men. One of them, W. H. S. Taylor, of Port Huron, Michigan, a veteran of the Spanish War who saw the surrender of Santiago, was grizzled till he looked perilously near the upper age limit. But the recruiting officers will strain a point for an applicant who carries himself with the unmistakable "set" of the knight of many battles.

Like the officers of the Legion were the men. Those of the 213th were quartered in a similar and adjacent building to Stable 24. Dropping in here after mess one evening, I found veterans of every campaign of importance during the last quarter of a century reminiscing over old fights and speculating on future bloodletting. My host was private John P. Heywood, of Indianapolis, Indiana, a Rough Rider in 1898, later for two years in the Illinois Naval Militia, now

looking for a joust with the Kaiser. His "pardner" was a man with a squint caused by the back-fire of one of Castro's cannon in Venezuela. In the tiered bunks beneath the whitewashed ceiling were men who had fought in all the principal Latin-American revolutions within the memory of the present generation—men who were scarred in South Africa, in the Boxer Rebellion, in the Philippines, in the Balkans, in Turkey, in traders' wars in the Yukon, and in racial bickerings on the Barbary coast. No striplings were they, but seasoned fighters all; strong-limbed, thick-chested fellows like the men-at-arms they would have been had they lived in the days of mail and broadsword.

They had come from all parts of the United States—in fact, from all parts of the world—paying their own expenses to be in at Armageddon. The following residence statistics of the first eight hundred and seventy-five men to enlist in the 97th Battalion are typical of the whole Legion:

New York.....	187	Colorado.....	8
Michigan.....	140	Tennessee.....	6
Illinois.....	60	Kentucky.....	6
Massachusetts....	58	Maryland.....	6
Pennsylvania.....	51	Idaho.....	5
Ohio.....	50	Maine.....	5
Minnesota.....	29	Louisiana.....	5
Washington.....	27	Kansas.....	5
Wisconsin.....	20	Florida.....	4
Missouri.....	19	New Jersey.....	4
Indiana.....	19	New Hampshire..	3
California.....	18	Oklahoma.....	2
Iowa.....	15	Dist. of Columbia.	2
Alabama.....	14	Arizona.....	2
Montana.....	12	Mississippi.....	2
Rhode Island.....	11	North Carolina...	2
Oregon.....	11	South Dakota.....	2
Nebraska.....	11	Georgia.....	2
North Dakota.....	10	Wyoming.....	2
Connecticut.....	10	Utah.....	2
Virginia.....	9	Arkansas.....	1
Texas.....	9	West Virginia.....	1
Vermont.....	8		

Instead of the green and raw-boned youth that I had expected to find in the Legion I found mature and red-corpuscled manhood. The Legionaries are thinkers every one, men

of initiative. Most of them have borne arms before, some in foreign wars, some in our militia, some in our regular army, from which a few have deserted for the greater glamour of life in Europe. The cook of the officers' mess of the 213th has an honorable discharge, granted after seventeen years in the American army. Because so many of them are already trained, the Americans are more easily whipped into shape than the other elements in the Canadian overseas force. That is why the Americans are popular with clever Sir Sam Hughes—well dubbed "the Kitchener of Canada" by Captain E. B. Hesser, of the 213th. At Niagara-on-the-Lake, where the battalions go to gain polish in drilling, bayoneting, and bomb-throwing, the Americans have proved themselves in most cases already well trained in the art of war. Colonel McCormick told me that within three months after the 213th has been recruited to full strength he can have his men ready for the trenches.

They are not boys, these Legionaries, neither are they in the mass hot-headed adventurers. There are a few soldiers of fortune, but most of them are sober, hard-working, everyday citizens who have left their families and livelihoods for deeper reasons than the mere fun of soldiering. Whether you are pro-Ally or pro-German, you must face that fact. And they are changing the attitude of Canada toward Americans.

As I was watching the candidates for commissions drilling on the grassy stretches of the Toronto training-grounds a native boy of twelve, who was playing with a Ross rifle, asked me, with a glance of contempt at my civilian clothes:

"Why aren't you in the army?"

"Oh," said I, "I'm an American."

"That's no excuse," the boy continued. "Americans are fighting, too, thousands of them. We used to think they were afraid, but they're just as brave as we are, after all."



THE BEGINNING OF RURAL CREDIT

BY CLARENCE OUSELY

AS a pert paragrapher has remarked, the Federal Rural Credit Bill will get nothing for the man who has got nothing for himself. It is not a wizard's trick of pulling a fat goose out of an empty hat; it is not a miracle-working plan of making wealth out of poverty; it is not a good fairy to give a farm for the wishing. Nor is it, as a smug New York editor has declared, "a crazy Socialistic experiment;" nor is it, as the New York Chamber of Commerce implies, an exceptional or unwarrantable or dangerous employment of governmental power for the benefit of a class. As in most cases of excited contention, the truth lies midway between these extremes.

I speak particularly of the pending Federal legislation because that is now a matter in the public mind, and because it is, in prospect, a somewhat epochal effort of the National Government to stabilize—and by stabilizing to cheapen—land credit in the United States. At the time of this writing the Senate has passed one bill and the House another. They differ in detail, but they are substantially the same in principle and in policy. They are variations and revisions of the original Hollis-Bulkeley Bill of the last session. They provide for the appointment of a farm loan board of three to five members to establish and supervise twelve district farm loan banks with a capital of \$500,000 to \$750,000 each, with power to issue farm mortgage bonds or debentures in twenty times the amount of the capital stock, and for the organization of local borrowing associations to be members of the district bank, somewhat after the form of the organization and relation of the Federal Reserve banking system. The capital of the district banks is to be offered to the public, and the Government is to subscribe such part of the capital as the public does not subscribe—precisely as provided for the capitalization of the twelve Federal Reserve banks. Assuming that the public will subscribe none of the capital, the Government will invest twelve times \$500,000 or \$750,000, but this investment will be made only for the time being, for the bills provide that the local borrowing associations must subscribe to the stock of the district bank in proportion to its loans from the bank, and that the individual

borrower must subscribe to the stock of the local association in proportion to his loans. The bills provide for both limited and unlimited common liability forms of organization of the local association, so that the borrowers of each group may elect whether they will use one or the other.

Thus, in due course of development, if the system succeeds, the Government's stock in the banks will be replaced by the stock of the local borrowing associations, as the stock in the Federal Reserve banks is owned by the member banks. The bills provide also for joint stock land banks without membership in the district banks, and for lending directly to individuals where there are no local associations; but these and other details of accommodation, adaptation, and safety need not be discussed in this brief review of the broad problem which Congress is endeavoring to solve, and of the policy it is pursuing in the employment of Governmental powers. I am careful to add in this connection that it would be almost a miracle of legislative wisdom if the law which is presently to emerge from the two houses of Congress should be perfect in every detail. It is a new subject; it is an experiment; but it is a composite of the conclusions of the ablest economists and of intelligent statesmen who have labored industriously for about three years. I would have written a different bill; so perhaps would every man who has studied the subject; but this is the best that can be obtained; it is a start in the right direction, and a year or two of experience will exhibit its defects for amendment. This has been the way of inter-State commerce regulation, and of all important measures of economic reform.

As to its paternalism, I challenge a comparison with the Federal Reserve banking system, which puts the Government's credit behind commercial paper and makes the Government a partner with the Reserve bank in the profits of the institution. As to the powers of the farm loan board, they are not larger than the powers of the Federal Reserve Board, and we may fairly assume that the farm loan board will be as discreet as the Federal Reserve Board. As to the invoking of Government stimulation and regulation of land credit, I submit that the

same service has been rendered for commercial credit. I have great respect for bankers, but it will be acknowledged that the bankers of the United States made such a sorry mess of commercial finance, with recurring panics and wildly fluctuating rates, that they were persuaded reluctantly to accept the Federal Reserve device of a college professor, and now they boast it as if it were their own invention. The banker is a slave of habit and custom; to him what is right and change is dangerous. It is well that he is so constituted, for if he were adventurous he would not be a safe conservator of credit. Let us weigh his counsel in order that we may wisely make haste slowly, but let us not wait too long upon his hesitant initiative.

In this mood let us see what is the need for rural credit legislation.

Consider first the bald fact that dependable farmers in the West and South are paying 9.6 to 15.6 per cent, and distressed farmers 20 to 40 per cent for short-time operating credit, and land borrowers are paying 8 to 10.5 per cent for five-year loans with burdensome commissions for renewals. No industry can pay such rates and prosper. Farmers are not prospering except in rare cases of genius, or under methods of niggard self-denial. The profits on agricultural lands in the last few years have consisted mainly of enhanced values due to increasing population and corresponding demands for farms.

The cause for high-priced agricultural credit is twofold. First, and probably foremost, is inefficient and uneconomic farming. But at the worst that is not altogether the farmer's fault. As a people, we have neglected the business of farming; in our thinking we have put it to one side as a matter rather distinctively, if not exclusively, within the jurisdiction of Providence. The Department of Agriculture and the land-grant colleges have done much—incalculably much—for the science of agriculture, for increasing the yield of the land and combating plant and animal diseases, but little until very recently for the business of farming. To increase the yield may or may not be to increase the profit, for even in normal times a big crop usually sells for less gross money than a small crop, so that the more the farmers produce the less they receive. Without reciting experiences or piling up illustrations, it is sufficient to say that farming is rated as an unsafe or undesirable credit risk.

Second—and fully as consequential as in-

efficient farming—are American conditions and habits which heretofore have made speculative adventures and industrial enterprises so enticing to investors and creditors. Railroading, mining, town-building, and high finance of one sort or another have absorbed the most of our available capital. Upon top of that the failure of a lot of wildcat land debenture companies in the late eighties gave a bad name to land loans. Money-lenders are just about as human as other folk. Like sheep, they followed their bell-wethers to the parched prairies of unproved productive value, and, like sheep, they follow their bell-wethers in running away from the present rich pastures of proved productive value. Land loans are not in the fashion, and your custodian of trust funds is a man of scrupulous conventionality.

This premise must be accepted by every thinking man as true: Farming land is the source of all food and raiment; it is the prime means of all human sustenance. By all the rules of economic philosophy it should be the safest basis of credit. Readers of rural credit literature have been told repeatedly that before the European war land loans in Germany commanded a lower rate of interest than Imperial Government bonds. The most eminent of the German rural economists three years ago gave me a reason, in words to this effect: "Governments sometimes fail; they may be compelled to repudiate their debts. Land on the average of the years, under intelligent cultivation, will not fail, because nature never repudiates or wholly defaults." How much more prophetic he was than he then realized! It is certain that the European governments at the close of the war must repudiate in some degree, at least to the extent of a compulsory reduction of the interest charges they are now paying.

Mr. Jacob Schiff says: "We bankers know that debentures based on farm mortgages cannot be as readily sold as bonds of industrial concerns or bonds of railroads." That is true at present, but it is a fact due to circumstances, conditions, and habits, and not to economic truth, as the German economist's philosophy plainly proves. The purpose of rural credit legislation is to institute a reform which will square credit practice with economic truth. This brings us to the crux of the whole matter, to the point of promise and the point of difficulty in American rural credit legislation.

European land credit began a long time

ago among the impoverished landowners who pledged their wasted farms severally and collectively for long-time loans to be paid on the amortization or sinking fund plan, like municipal or industrial bonds. That was the *Landschaft* of Prussia, which in modified form has been adopted in other European countries. The *Raiffeisen* rural bank, or short-time credit society, began later among the lowly peasants who grouped themselves together in a compact of unlimited liability on the principle of life insurance, as thus described by Leone Wollemborg, of Italy, whom I regard as the greatest of modern rural economists:

Suppose you have before you one hundred small working farmers; they all possess the qualities of honesty, industry, and labor capacity; this is their only capital. Now, a capitalist having a hundred such men before him might with safety, under certain conditions, make them a loan of 50 francs each. The conditions with which the capitalist has to reckon are these: Of these one hundred men, some will certainly be afflicted with sickness, death, or lack of employment. It is a well-known fact that some of these men will certainly suffer from these causes, but it is impossible to say which man it will be—whether the tenth, fiftieth, or hundredth man. It is impossible, in short, to foretell which individual of the group will be incapacitated and thus rendered incapable of repaying his loan. But one thing is certain: it will not be the whole group—only a certain proportion. Past experience indicates that out of one hundred two individuals are likely to be incapable of repaying their loan, while the others will be able to meet their obligations. Now, in order to meet the liability, the group must undertake to become responsible for the two members who are likely to be unable to pay; they must become, in short, severally and collectively responsible for the total loan made to the group. There will thus be ninety-eight men to repay the loan made to the one hundred. They will thus be able to assume responsibility for a loan of 49 francs each instead of 50, for they will have to assume responsibility for the two per cent who will be unable to pay, and, by making themselves collectively responsible for the loan, they will be able to make it for 49 francs multiplied by 100. It is thus seen that the mathematical formula on which these banks are able to secure their capital is nothing more than an application of the same principle which governs insurance. Therefore this principle of unlimited liability is the first principle underlying the rural banks.

Both systems were stimulated by Governmental aid in money, credit, or other favor,

but they originated in the necessities and were wrought out in the thinking of the people most concerned. In this country we are by legislation anticipating, with the hope of averting or ameliorating, the dire distress which was, as it were, the birth-pangs of rural credit in Europe. To change the figure of speech, the European system was an evolution. We are endeavoring to fashion a system out of hand. The European land credit system was two hundred years in the making; the rural credit society some seventy-five; we are trying to reach the same end in less time—that is all. The danger is that we will neglect the important factor of education; our people are habituated to individualism; the great task will be to show them how they may work together as groups, with limited common liability, and yet retain their personal freedom of business conduct. The process will be slow and doubtless beset with much blundering, but I confidently believe we will make much faster progress than the Europeans made. The Federal Farm Loan Act is designed to establish standards of agricultural land value and to give deliberate official appraisal of land securities. It will economize the process of land-borrowing by bringing the borrower and the lender closer together. It will require the several States to revise, simplify, and standardize their land registration statutes. Most important of all, each borrower, in becoming a member of a local association in which he owns stock, becomes thereby a lender as well as a borrower. As a lender he will have a personal interest in making safe the loans of his association by seeing to it that the land is not appraised too highly, that the loan is used for productive and not for speculative purposes, and that the land behind the loan is conserved and intelligently cultivated. The importance of this dual relation of the borrower and the lender is clearly set forth by Wollemborg as follows:

It is a well-known fact that public opinion is nearly always inclined to side with the weak as against the strong, and as, rightly or wrongly, the debtor is generally considered the weaker party, he usually has public opinion on his side. But in the case of the rural bank the situation is reversed. The heads of families in the village constitute the membership of the rural bank, and, as they are all interested in seeing that the loans for which they are severally and collectively responsible are paid, public opinion in this case is on the side of the creditor and not of the debtor.

If there are those who fear that the Federal system will put private money-lenders and mortgage companies out of business, they are reminded that the total capitalization of the system will not exceed \$9,000,000; the bond-issuing limit will be twenty times that, or \$180,000,000; outstanding farm mortgages in the United States amount to nearly \$4,000,000,000. The Federal system, therefore, can do little more than set the pace for private capital to follow, as has been the case throughout Europe. Assuming that the States by State legislation will multiply such organized resources tenfold, there will remain ample opportunity for private initiative and enterprise.

But, after all, is this a National problem? Is its solution a Governmental duty? In the sense that government is only a policeman, the answer is, "No." But I think we have got beyond that narrow conception. Farming is feeding and clothing the Nation. Surely that is a National concern. But to say that is to state only a small part of the problem. It is sociological and political as well as economic. Thirty-seven per cent of the American farmers are tenants; in my State, Texas, the percentage is more than fifty, and I think the percentage is as much in several of the Western States. Between 1900 and 1910 the ratio of tenants to farm-owners increased sixteen per cent. Presently the farm-owners will be a minority. Those who have not will outnumber those who have. Are there fears of Socialism? Of communism? Of revolution in property rights? Let us beware of a majority of voters who despair of acquiring homes or who have lost the homestead sentiment. I could name States with a preponderating industrial population congested in seething centers. I could name countries where landlordism and tenantry evolve aristocracy and serfdom. To name either is but to recall civil strife or political desperadoism or both. It is sheer conceit for us to assume that we can defy the teachings of history and the passions of human kind. Friction kindles fire; discontent foment upheaval. The farmers know that they are creating most of the Nation's wealth; they are accumulating but little of it. However much of the fault may be theirs, much of it is due to the neglect of the body politic and the body economic, to the mass of us who have given no proper thought to the means whereby we live, but have pursued

our toll-taking ways by taking as much as we could and giving only what we must, and meantime have drunk the wine of prosperity without fairly considering the sweat or the wage of the man who treads the winepress alone.

There is in this observation nothing of the delusion of making men prosperous by fiat of government. The poor and the landless we will have with us always, but when it comes to the point that the average man of industry cannot prosper it is time for the Nation to study the portents. Show me a prosperous farm-owner, and I will show you a thoughtful, patriotic citizen who will cheerfully give his time, his talents, and his life, as occasion may require, for his country and its free institutions. Show me a despairing tenantry, and I will show you a powder magazine inviting explosion by any spark of agitation that may fly from the forge of hammering industry.

The period of the Republic's greatest achievements in social welfare, in general comfort, in sane statesmanship, in spiritual elevation, in genuine culture—in all the real and endearing things of life—was the period when a majority of our people were home-owning and prosperous country folk. The American farmer was then a country gentleman, from whose loins came our greatest statesmen, warriors, philosophers, preachers, and poets. The farmer nowadays is derided as a "jay" or cajoled as a simpleton. As we speak in the language of the street and the newspaper paragraph, so we think in our hearts. To a considerable degree we cause things to be what we think them to be. It is time to face about, to begin thinking of farming as man's earliest and noblest vocation, and of the country as the garden which the Lord commanded Adam to "keep and to dress," which may be properly interpreted as to conserve and to beautify. Thus we may cause it again to become what it should be, what it was ordained to be—man's natural abiding-place and the means of sustenance to which cities in their proper relation are only market-places for the exchange of commodities, and to which manufacture, transportation, industry, and commerce are but the useful servants. But sentimentalizing will not work the reform. Rhapsodizing will not materialize its blessings. Country life will revive when we make agriculture pay.

THE READER'S VIEW

LAW SCHOOLS IN CHINA

I should like respectfully to call your attention to an incorrect statement that appears in *The Outlook* for March 15, 1916. On page 601, in the course of an article on "The Comparative Law School of Saichow University at Shanghai, China," you say:

"This law school for Chinese is unique in many ways. It is the first and only professional school of law in China."

The Pei-Yang University of Tientsin, China, which from the very beginning has had a law department, was organized in 1895. Graduates of the University are to be found in positions of importance in various parts of the country. Of the graduates in law, one of whom the University is particularly proud is Dr. Wang Ch'ung-hui, who is a member of the Faculty of the institution that forms the subject of your article—the Law School of Saichow University.

The Law Department of the Pei-Yang University offers a four years' course of instruction. Among the subjects included in the course are constitutional law, administrative law, criminal law, civil law, commercial law, international law, English law, Roman law, political economy, and finance. The students are trained for professional careers.

The present law faculty includes the following gentlemen: Messrs. R. T. Evans, A.B., LL.B. (Harvard); G. J. Thompson, A.B., LL.B. (Harvard); H. Y. Feng, A.B., J.D. (University of Chicago); and three Chinese professors in addition to Dr. Feng.

Among those who have held positions on the law faculty in the past are Messrs. E. P. Allen (now practicing law in Tientsin), W. A. Seavey, J. A. Crane (now of the George Washington University), I. L. Sharfman—all Americans—and Mr. T. L. Chao, A.B., LL.B. (Harvard), who is now President of the University.

It may be mentioned in passing that there is a law department at the Peking University.

Both the Pei-Yang University and the Peking University are Government institutions.

Pei-Yang University, TIENTSIN, CHINA.
Tien Lud Chao, President.

AN INTERESTING AND NOVEL SCHOOL ACTIVITY

Washington High School, in Portland, Oregon, for the past year has been perfecting a Junior Chamber of Commerce to promote the general activities of the school. This organization is now on a practical and successful working basis. Our constructive work has greatly interested such local organizations as the Portland Chamber of Commerce, Realty Board, and Rotary Club, who have made it possible for us to co-operate with them in various undertakings. This, of course, has very materially helped our work.

We are anxious to let other schools and organizations learn of our methods of handling school problems, so we have arranged a chart explaining the working system of the various bureaus and a report of the work actually done. For instance, the Charity Bureau has clothed, fed, and furnished fuel to forty-eight families during the past five months. We should be glad to send this on request.

Portland, Oregon.

DON T. ORPUT.

AN ANCIENT HERESY REVIVED

I was both surprised and shocked by your article "What Did Jesus Christ Think of Himself?" What our Saviour thought of himself is fully expressed in these words, "Except ye believe that I AM ye shall die in your sins." This is the term that Jehovah used to Moses, "Tell them I AM hath sent thee!" These two quotations exhibit the clear teaching of God's Holy Word from its beginning to the end of the Apocalypse. In the closing of the Old Testament it is written, "Jehovah, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple." Jesus said, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up," absolutely proving what the Bible everywhere teaches—"I Jehovah am thy Saviour and Redeemer, and besides me there is no God!" Read Isaiah xliii, 10, 11, "Before me there was no God formed, neither shall there be after me. I, even I, am Jehovah, and besides me there is no saviour," which *thoroughly* proves, if language can prove anything, that the Council of Nice, which *originated* the gross error of two separate persons, each of whom was God and Lord, and consummated the enormous falsity at Byzantium a quarter of a century later by adding another divine person, and which is now called the Nicene Creed, is totally without foundation in the Bible, as it has never been in the rational mind! Jesus Christ has "ALL POWER in heaven and on earth." No other being has any except from him; he was "God manifest in the flesh," and is the first and the last, "the beginning and the ending, who was and is—THE ALMIGHTY."

WILLIAM W. HULSE.

[Your view is a revival of a doctrine known in historical theology as the Monophysite heresy. The denial that Jesus was a true man and subject to the limitations of finite humanity has never found acceptance by the majority of Christian believers, not only because it seems to them inconsistent with the simple narratives of his human life in the four Gospels, but because its acceptance would make it impossible for us to obey his command, "Follow me," and would make unthinkable the universal aspiration of his followers to become Christlike.—THE EDITORS.]

BY THE WAY

"People call the Negroes 'triflin'," writes a subscriber, "but I have a colored maid who puts to shame the procrastinating, unpunctual, fashionable white 'lady.' She comes to my house at seven o'clock for her hard day's work; and she is at my door just on the striking of the clock. The other day she told me she was going to a dance—for she is comparatively young. I thought, 'She will surely be late the next morning.' But she wasn't; and she afterwards told me that the dance lasted till 5 A.M., and she had only time to go home and change her dance dress for her working garb. But when the clock struck seven, she was at my door. Can you beat that?"

A letter from England says that the new time schedule adopted in May, by which the clocks were set forward one hour, was productive of some amusing situations. "My laundress came at 6:30, an hour early," says the writer; "the butcher came an hour late. He said, 'The time that was good enough for my father is good enough for me.' I was invited to tea; I arrived an hour early, as my hostess had not changed her clock. The Protestant church adopted the new schedule at once; the Catholic church held to the old. But after a little no doubt things will adjust themselves and we shall all have that extra hour of daylight."

This joke, credited in an exchange to the "Megendorfer Blaetter," must be from an ante-bellum issue. Nowadays nobody in Germany spills milk: "Peter (sent for the milk): 'Oh, mercy, I've drunk too much of it! What shall we do?' Small Brother: 'Easy. We'll drop the jug.'"

Among the "summer schools" whose announcements appear in the papers there is one that will make even the unstudious student take notice. It is that of a "Summer School of Flying" to be held at Hempstead, Long Island. What an appeal to the youth who is weary of books!

Official figures from the British Embassy, says "Shipping Illustrated," show that up to the first of May neutral nations had lost 121 ships sunk by submarines. In the list appears the name of only one American ship—the *Lee-lanaw*. Norway lost 62 vessels, Denmark 22, Sweden 20, Holland 7, Greece 5, and Spain 4.

"New York, New Jersey, and several other States," according to "Rider and Driver," "have started a movement that is rapidly becoming general for the provision of strips on the sides of the motor highways suitable for horse-drawn vehicles." The idea is to have a roadway in the center not less than fifteen feet wide for automobiles, and a section on each side not less than six feet in width for horses. The motor cars can then spin along their part

of the road and give a fair chance to the slower horse-drawn vehicles on the side.

Referring to the German East African campaign, the London weekly "Times" prints this curious despatch: "Owing to transport difficulties rations were at one time reduced to a cup of rice and a piece of sugar-cane. Our cattle have now been successfully protected, and a campaign is being waged against giraffes, which have been destroying our telegraphs by scratching their necks on the wire." Not content with inviting extermination by big-game hunters, the foolish giraffes now incur the enmity of industry. The wires will undoubtedly prove the fittest to survive this contest.

The feelings of newspaper men who have to tackle the spelling of foreign geographical names during these troubled times are indicated in the following stanzas from "The Wail of a Copy-Reader" in the Philadelphia "Bulletin":

"I have learned to locate Sdolbunov; when stories mention Szizz,

I do not need to hunt a map; I know right where it is.

Cettinje doesn't puzzle me, I'm wise to Medvinik

And all those weird localities where consonants are thick.

But that can't help me any now; to-day I've got to settle Disputes about Tolacatalplan and Popocatepetl.

Przemysl was an easy one when once I'd learned to read

The name without the consonants I found I didn't need.

Mahhalades and Kalabak, Prilip and Velvendos

Were just as soft as any names I ever came across.

But that avails me nothing now; to-day I've got to show The same familiarity with all of Mexico."

Ezra Meeker, eighty-four years old, is crossing the continent in a "schoonermobile," a motor car built on the lines of an old-fashioned prairie schooner. It contains bedding, a cook stove, a dining-table, and a hunting outfit. He has one companion, a younger man, and is repeating, it is said, a journey he once took in an ox cart.

"It is wrong to go into the water for a short time and come out and rest on the warm sand in the hot sun," says J. H. P. Brown in "Modern Swimming." "If you desire a sun bath, take it either before or after your swim." The alternate chilling and roasting practice of the sea-beach bather is declared by this swimming instructor to be enervating and productive of diseases of the heart, circulation, etc.

Changes in social habits are strikingly illustrated in a book entitled "Pittsburgh: A Sketch of Its Early Social Life," by C. W. Dahlinger. In early days, it says, "whisky was the indispensable emblem of hospitality and the accompaniment of labor in every pursuit, the stimulant in joy and the solace in grief. It was kept on the counter of every store and in the corner cupboard of every well-to-do family." And to-day the movement for prohibition is almost National in its scope.